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"LIBERTY, H...INESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR.

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

The following discriminating remarks are from the pen of the Editor of the Western Messenger.

ROBERT J BRECKINRIDGE AT GENEVA.

Most of our readers are aware that Geneva has an established Church, and that this established church has become Unitarian. The very birth-place of Calvinism, where for many years that stern reformer presided, is now the fountain of a much more enlarged and generous system of faith. Those who consider Unitarianism as equivalent to Infidelity, of course regard this fact with great alarm and grief. Accordingly, we often hear modern travellers lamenting, in wailing Jeremiads, the departure of Genevan Calvinism, thus slain on its high places. It pleases us therefore to quote from an Orthodox source, a testimony of a different kind. Mr R. J. Breckinridge of the Presbyterian church, pastor of a church in Baltimore, by birth a Kentuckian, by profession at first a lawyer, afterwards a clergyman, by spirit and habit a polemic, the deadly foe of all heretics but especially of Roman Catholics and New School Presbyterians, the leader of the majority in the last General Assembly, and distinguishing himself there for deeds and words of which perhaps the less we say the better—this gentleman lately made a tour in Europe, and has published his observations in some very good papers, called 'Memoranda of foreign Travel.' We quote the following passage from his account of his visit to Geneva.

'It would give me great pain, to produce a false impression in regard to this interesting community. And I see myself liable to be misunderstood on two points: the first, that some may suppose the National church to be worse than it is; the second, that others may consider the people better than they are. I spent two Sabbath days in Geneva, on a part of one of which I worshipped in the ancient Cathedral of the city—the place where the wise and holy men I have so often referred to labored with joy and success for so long a period. It was the afternoon; and the congregation seemed but a handful in the immense area. The pastor took for the exercise, the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of Matthew's Gospel; and to my great surprise and chief delight, expounded and enforced the passage with clearness, truth, and fervor. I asked the person who sat next to me to write on my card the pastor's name. He wrote M. Barde; I was grieved to learn, from every quarter, there were not many ministers, and perhaps hardly another pastor, (for in this church the sound and scriptural distinction between the two is still preserved) from whom I should have heard doctrine so decidedly evangelical. I had also the pleasure to make the acquaintance of two of the Venerable Company of Pastors whose kindness deserved my thanks as much as their intelligence excited my interest. And in general, I think the lives of the members of that body are in private blameless to a degree not common either in most established clergy or decided errorists.'

This passage is certainly highly honorable both the Unitarian Clergy of Geneva, and to Mr Breckinridge. It is surely honorable to the Venerable Company of Pastors that their manner of life, their preaching, and Christian department should have afforded no ground for objection to so lynx-eyed a critic as Mr Breckinridge, who went among them full of prejudice; but should have so changed his feelings as to compel him to give such unqualified testimony in their favor. And it is equally to his honor, that though looking for evil, he was also able to see good; that seeing it he also bears open witness to it, without fear of the consequences of his admissions. It is to his honor, that he had his mind open to understand what was good even in the ranks of his opponents; and that unlike many partisans he was not afraid to make public the virtues and good qualities of his opponents. On these two points, namely, the state of the Geneva Church, and the character of R. J. Breckinridge, we would make a few more remarks.

It is too often the misfortune of controversy, that parties holding opinions which are denounced and opposed are driven into extremes in defending them. Those for instance who discard the Calvinistic doctrine of absolute decrees, and dislike the way in which God's sovereignty is set forth as the sole reason for obedience, are apt to lose sight of the sovereignty of God altogether. Those who contend for the rights of reason and the rights of man, are apt to lose sight of the claims of religion and the demands of God. We are glad therefore to know that the Geneva clergy have escaped this danger. Their works, so far as we have seen them, especially those of Cheneviere and Cellerier, translated by Mr Ware for the Christian Examiner, are remarkable not more for their liberality and reasonableness than for their fervent piety and scriptural character. The sermon alluded to by Mr Breckinridge, probably treated of the beatitudes not only in their outward manifestations but their inward root in the experience of a regenerate heart. But there is no reason to suppose that he would not have been equally well pleased with any other of the Company as well as M. Barde. He could not have been expected to have given up his prejudices at once, and he consoles himself for liking M. Barde by the thought that he should certainly have disliked any body else. This phenomenon we have often observed. People give up their prejudices bit by bit. When they read a liberal book, or go for the first time with much trembling into a Unitarian Church, and meet to their surprise with Christianity, and are forced to admit it to be such, they try to reconcile their present experience with their former opinions by saying 'Well, he's no Unitarian I know'—or 'The others don't write so, I'm sure.' We may therefore presume, that, if Mr Breckinridge had an opportunity of hearing the rest of the Geneva clergy he would have liked them as well, or nearly as well as M. Barde. And it is much to their credit, that while contending so earnestly for the rights of the human mind and subjected to so much obloquy on account of their opinions, they should have been able to keep uppermost and prominent the religious side of truth.

We are pleased also with what Mr Breckinridge says of the private character and lives both of pastors and people at Geneva. Without detracting at all from the evident candor of Mr B. it is plain that such praise from him must mean a great deal. He went to Geneva disposed, as he himself intimates to find every thing wrong. And the treatment which he receives from the clergy, what he sees of their worth and intelligence, and of the blameless lives of their people, extort from him the testimony above recorded. Truly these people must have faithfully followed the Apostles' direction to have their conversation honest among the Gentiles, that whereas they speak against them as evil doers, they may, by the good works which they behold, glorify God in the day of visitation. And how delightful it is to see the moral influence of a Christian life working with such irresistible power on the heart of a stern zealot. The zealot who has all his life thought that Christianity lay in opinions, is struck with irresistible wonder and admiration by coming in contact with a society in which Christianity has passed into the heart and been taken up into the circulation of the social system. Forgetting his allegiance to a denouncing creed, he is forced to express the pleasure he receives from the sight of this practical Christianity.

A word now about Mr Breckinridge himself. We speak freely of public men, because we consider them as public property. They are historical facts; types of principles; emblems of prevailing sentiments; embodiments, exponents, visible concentrations of feelings, desires, and beliefs, vaguely floating through the community. Hence they ought to be studied, for by knowing them we learn to know their age and time. The influence of a great man over a people arises from the sympathy and community of sentiment between him and it. The community sees itself reflected in his doings and sayings—sees itself idealized as it were, and brought to a focus. In loving and glorifying a great man, we therefore love and glorify ourselves; our own feelings and sentiments. He expresses our thoughts better than we could—so we admire him.

In the Presbyterian church at the present time we find two sorts of leaders and chiefs. The one sort, who belong mostly to the new school party, we have described often enough already. They are the politicians, manœuverers, Jesuits—they are always arranging and plotting and endeavoring to do things in a roundabout way. They are men of expedients, balancing doctors, Talleyrands; they consider themselves very practical kind of men, but they lack a hearty and honest love of truth. Mr Breckinridge is *not* one of these.

Of the second class we have had less to say, because we have studied them less. Their faults and merits are of another sort. They have seen one side of truth, and do not know that it has any other side. They are narrow and bigoted, but honest and sincere. They are intolerant, but transparent and plain spoken. They disguise nothing, not even their own shallowness. They are dogmatical in opinions and tyrannical in conduct. Yet their minds are not closed against the light, and when it happens to get in, it often revolutionizes their faith and conduct. From such men converts are made, for having believed their opponents to be wholly and totally wrong, when they come to find some truth in their views, they are very likely to go over to them and adopt them altogether. They do not so much enlarge their views, as change and remodel them entirely. The history of their minds is full of epochs and crises; their experiences are sharp and distinct; when they get a new idea, it fills for a time the whole heaven of their thought, they are wholly absorbed in it, and are fanatical and ultra in the devotion they pay to it. They are the ultra men, the radicals and often the fanatics of their day. But as they see things one by one, they see them clearly, and their experiences are very distinct—therefore they are always interesting to the student of human nature, which Shakspeare knew, when he made the meditative Jaques say

'To him will I.—Out of those convertites
'There is much matter to be heard and learned.'

To this class, as we think, Mr R. J. Breckinridge belongs. He has all their honesty, all their onesidedness, and all their intolerance. No doubt before he went to Geneva, he thought Unitarians little better than Atheists; after staying there a few days, he is ready to praise them; had he stayed a month, very likely he would have become a Unitarian himself. In another part of the same letter from which we have quoted, there is a remark which indicates a feature of his mind. It is speaking of a small sect in Geneva whose 'grand idea is to form a new apostolic order of things; and their grand means of doing this, to limit their views exclusively to the pages of the Bible.' This, as our readers know, is also the idea of the so-called Campbellites in this country, and is carrying out to an extreme the principles of Protestantism. Mr B. doubts the practicability of this scheme, and repeats what he calls a striking remark of a professor in Geneva, that 'we ought not to overlook entirely what God has taught us, by his providence, and through his church, for eighteen centuries.' 'In settling the question of fact,' says he, 'as to what was the Apostolic church, they must necessarily err who shut their eyes to what the true church has been during these eighteen centuries that the spirit has rested in their bosom.' This is all true—but only think of Mr Breckinridge, who has spent half his life in fighting the church of Rome, bringing forward as a striking and novel idea, that principle which is *the truth* in the mass of Catholic error. It is true, that the Bible must be a dead letter except we have loving Christians to interpret it to us—the true church universal is the interpreter of the Bible—the Bible however, according to the Protestant creed is the only *rule* of faith and practice. But Mr Breckinridge has been contending against the Romish church with the utmost zeal, without seeing or admitting the grain of truth which it contained. Hence he never could have convinced or converted a Catholic, and herein is an example of the character of his mind.

EDITOR.

TRUE CHRISTIAN ZEAL.

Let us take heed that we do not sometimes call that zeal for God and his Gospel, which is nothing but our own tempestuous and stormy passion.—True zeal is a sweet, heavenly and gentle flame, which makes us active for God, but always within the sphere of love. It never calls for fire from heaven to consume those that differ from us in their apprehensions. It is like that kind of lightning which melts the sword within, but singeth not the scabbard. It strives to save the soul, but hurteth not the body. True zeal is a loving thing and makes us always active to edification and not destruction. If we keep the fire of zeal within the chimney, in its own proper place, it never doeth any hurt: it only warmeth, quickeneth and enliveneth us: but if once we let it break out, and catch hold of the thatch of our flesh, and kindle our corrupt nature, it is no longer zeal; it is no heavenly fire; it is a most destructive and devouring thing. True zeal is a soft and gentle flame that will not scorch one's hand. It is no predatory or voracious thing. But carnal and fleshy zeal is like the spirit of gunpowder set on fire, that tears and blows up all before it. We may learn what kind of zeal it is that we should make use of in promoting the gospel, by an emblem of God's own giving in the Scripture, even those fiery tongues that upon the day of Pentecost sat upon the apostles, which sure were harmless flames, for we cannot read that they did any hurt, or that they did so much as even singe the hair of their heads. I will shut up this with that of the apostle, 'let us keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.' Let this soft and silken knot of love tie our hearts together, though our heads and apprehensions cannot meet. Our zeal, if it be true vestal fire, kindled from above, will not delight to tarry here below, burning up the straw and stubble, and such combustible things, and sending up nothing but gross earthly flames to heaven: but it will rise up, return back pure as it came down, and will ever be striving to carry up men's hearts along with it. It will be only occupied about the promoting of things that are unquestionably good; and when it moves in the irascible way it will quarrel with nothing but sins. Here let our zeal busy and exercise itself, every one of us beginning first at our own hearts. Here let us exercise all our courage and resolution, manhood and magnanimity.

Cudworth.

ON FERVOR OF DEVOTION.

Many theologists, who have written with the acuteness of an Aristotle, and the acrimony of a Juvenal, against all sorts of infidels and heretics, in defence of Christianity, seem to have forgotten one very material part of religion—that which consists of devotional sentiment, and the natural fervors of a sincere piety. Some of them seem to reprobate, and hold them in abhorrence. They inveigh against them as enthusiasm; they laugh at them as the cant of hypocrisy. Such men have the coldness of Bishop Butler, without the ingenuity; the contentious spirit of Dr Bentley, without the wit or erudition.

True religion cannot exist without a considerable degree of devotion. On what is true religion founded but on love—the love of God, and the love of our neighbor? And with respect to the love of God, what says our Savior? Thou shalt love thy God with all thine heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. No language can more expressly and emphatically describe the ardor of devotion. Out of the heart the mouth speaketh. If all the heart feels the love of God, in the degree in which our Savior requires, the language of prayer and thanksgiving will be always glowing, and, on extraordinary occasions, even rapturous.

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much: if it be not fervent, it cannot be sincere, and therefore cannot be expected to avail. Love must add wings to prayer, to waft it to the throne of grace.

'Man has a principle of love implanted in his nature, 'a magnetism of passion,'* by which he constantly attaches himself to that which appears to him good and beautiful; and what so good, what so beautiful, as the archetype and model of all excellence? Shall he conceive the image, and not be charmed with its loveliness?

Worship or adoration implies lively affection. If it be cold, it is a mere mockery, a formal compliance with customs for the sake of decency. It is a lip-service, of which knaves, hypocrites, and infidels are capable and which they render, for the sake of temporal advantage.

Will any man condemn the ardor which the scriptures themselves exhibit? Must they not be allowed to afford a model for imitation? And are they written in the cold, dull style of an academical professor, lecturing in the schools of divinity? No; they are written in warm, animated, metaphorical, and poetical language; not with the precision of the schoolmen; not with the dryness of system-makers; but with florid, rhetorical, impassioned appeals to the feelings and imagination. What are psalms, but the ebullitions of passion, sorrow, joy, love, and gratitude?

The truth is, that the most important subject which can be considered of man must, if considered with seriousness and sincerity, excite a warm interest. The fire of devotion may not, indeed, be equably supported, because such equability is not consistent with the constitution of human nature; but it will, for the most part, burn with a clear and steady flame, and will certainly, at no time, and in no circumstances, be utterly extinguished.

Where the heart is deeply interested, there will be eagerness and agitation. Suppose a man, who speaks, in the church, of the Holy Ghost and other most important religious subjects with perfect *sang froid*, repairing to the Stock-exchange, and just going to make a purchase. The price fluctuates. Observe how he listens to his broker's reports. His cheeks redden, and his eyes sparkle. Here he is in earnest. Nature betrays his emotion. It is not uncharitable to conclude that his heart is literally with his treasure; and that with respect to the riches of divine, he values them little; and, like Gallio, careth for none of these things. View him again, at a great man's levee, and see with what an awe he eyes a patron. His attention approaches to adoration. He is tremblingly solicitous to please, and would undergo any painful restraint, rather than give the slightest offence. The world will not condemn, but applaud his anxiety; yet if he is earnest and fervent, when his interest is infinitely greater, in securing the tranquillity of his mind, under all the changes and chances of life, he is despised as an enthusiast, a bigot, a fool, or a madman.

A man of sense and true goodness will certainly take care not to make an ostentation of his devotional feelings; but at the same time he will beware of suppressing, in his endeavor to moderate and conceal them.

He will never forget, that the same sun which emits light, gives, at the same time, a genial heat, that enlivens and cherishes all nature.

* Norris.

[From the Western Messenger.]

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN CINCINNATI.

Mode of associating the body of Communicants.

Brother Clarke:—I send you an account of our mode of *associating* the body of communicants, in the First Congregational Church of Cincinnati.—I procured a new Testament, to be bound in strong Russia, with blank leaves at the end, of ruled letter paper, to the number of 30 or 40 pages; having the book lettered on the back, New Testament, and on the side, upon the covers, CHURCH CREED. This I presented to the Church for signatures, to the following declaration:

'For the support of the Institutions of Christianity, and the enjoyment and edification of its Ordinances, we associate ourselves, as the Body of Communicants within the First Congregational church in Cincinnati, by subscribing our names to the NEW TESTAMENT, which we receive as the only Divinely authorized Creed and Standard, confession and covenant, Constitution and By-Laws of the Church of Christ.'

Now we conceive that no objection can be made to this creed. It is the one which Jesus Christ has given us. He is declared to be the AUTHOR and FINISHER of our faith. He has given us the only *true* PLATFORM of the Church. He has no where commissioned any man, or body of men, to legislate in his kingdom—To form articles of confederation for his Church, which is denominated his own body. He came from Heaven, *expressly* to set up his Church on earth. He gave it the CONSTITUTION, by which he designed it should be governed, and expressly forbade his followers to call any man on earth Master, 'For one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.' If he was not competent to FINISH 'the work which the Father had given him to do,' to establish his Church; to fix the terms of admission to membership; to give definiteness enough to its Constitution, to enable it to withstand the attacks of earth and hell; shall poor, weak, fallible men attempt to annul it? Why will not man be satisfied with the creed which Christ has ratified and sealed with his own blood? Why will men be wiser than God? 'Who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor? or who hath first given him, and it shall be recompensed to him again? For of him, and through him, and to him are all things, to whom be glory forever.' Jesus Christ is the great Head of the church. He is 'made of God, unto us, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption.' 'It pleased the Father that in him all fulness should dwell: He hath given him a name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus, every knee should bow, and every tongue confess, that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.' He is the anointed King on the Hill of Zion. His laws, are the laws of the Sovereign prince, and Savior whom God hath exalted at his own right hand, to give repentance and remission of sin. He is the express image of the Father's glory. He is the son in whom the Father is well pleased.—'The Father hath committed all things into his hands; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence;' 'who is the head of the body, the Church, who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; from whom the whole body, fitly joined together, and compacted by that, which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love, built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto a holy Temple in the Lord.' Similar passages are thickly scattered over all the pages of the New Testament. To repeat them would be but to repeat a great part of that sacred volume. And, if language has any meaning, they plainly declare, that Jesus Christ is the only Master of Christians, and that he alone has the right to prescribe the creed, and standard. The constitution and platform of the church; and the New Testament is this divinely authorized foundation, upon which the church should rest. But says one; 'This is well in theory—and is generally acknowledged. We all take our creeds from the New Testament.' This is the very thing we complain of! Take the creeds from the New Testament, instead of making the New Testament, itself, the creed. Fallible men presume to distill the essence of Christianity; to form epitomes of the New Testament; to extract the substance of the gospel—and fix what is fundamental to salvation! It is for this very assumption that we demand the authority. Show us the chapter and verse, in which this commission is given, this charter conferred upon any class of the common disciples of Christ, to make terms of admission and communion for their fellow christians, from certain extracted words and doctrines of the New Testament. Until this is done, we hold it an arrogant assumption, an unwarrantable 'Lording it over God's heritage,' an infringement of the 'birthrights'—the 'liberty wherewith Christ has made us free'—If we comply with subscription to a standard or confession of faith, demanded of us by a man, or any body of men, we by that act, acknowledge him or them, and not Christ for our master; we virtually say, that we are not contented and satisfied with the simplicity and directness of the New Testament for our rule of faith and practice, but receive, in its stead, a creed, digested and modelled, and explained for us by others of equal authority in the church as ourselves. This assumption of human authority to legislate in the Church of Christ—this imposition of human standards as tests of true faith, has split christendom into almost innumerable sects, and denominations, each of which, assuming the name or badge of its infallible champion—has refused fellowship and communion with others, who would not and could not subscribe to their formularies and conform to their ceremonies. These conflicting parties—for creeds have created parties in religion as well as in politics, have been ready to appeal to the authority of their numbers: the antiquity of their articles—the superior intelligence, and sanctity of their leaders, in justification of their claims to spiritual domination, and have proceeded to enforce them, by the terrors of law, or terrors of oppression—the flames of fire, or the flames of denunciation. Look at the ecclesiastical annals of the world, and say if it is not so? Articles of faith, covenants, confessions and standards of human device, are, and always have been inadequate to accomplish the purpose for which they are invented. It is not within human power, with its most crafty inventions, to transmit unimpaired or unimprovable views of revealed truths and doctrines to successive generations of men. Repeated subscriptions, and renewed covenants, cannot bind the expansive, illimitable, energy of growing intelligence in the rising generation. The attempt to embody truths in words devised by man's wisdom has often been made—but never with success. Look for example at the 'thirty-nine articles' of the English Episcopal Church—one class of commentators give them an Arminian bearing—a second a Calvinistic, and a third assert, that these are not articles of *faith*, but of *peace*. And are the Presbyterian STANDARDS, any more efficacious in producing uniformity of faith? Not if we may judge from recent movements and measures in that body. It is in vain for men to attempt to bind up by their feeble devices, what Jesus Christ has left open. They are invading his prerogative when they do it. He knew what is in man; he was well aware of man's propensity to abuse power; and he therefore left his disciples no shadow of spiritual domination. He committed to them no authority to interfere with the *faith* or consciences of each other, but reserved to himself the high prerogative of coming, in the name of the Father, to proclaim the kingdom of heaven; to establish the church; to prescribe articles of faith, and to pronounce the terms of admissions to the institutions, ordinances, privileges and hopes of the gospel. The New Testament is the charter, the constitution, and the polity of the church of Christ. Formed by his wisdom, enacted by his authority, and sealed by his blood. Articles of faith established by human authority cannot on any ground be defended. If they be *discordant* with the New Testament; they should *unquestionably* be rejected; if perfectly *conformable* with the New Testament, they are *useless; true* or *false*, the attempt to enjoin them as a Church creed, is usurpation. Protestants profess to receive the New Testament as the sole and sufficient rule of practice and belief for christians. When will they as a body—make the New Testament the practical and identical standard and creed of the churches? Until that is done, the true foundation is forsaken; 'for other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' Christianity—the gospels; the New Testament, of the grace of God, the word of the Lord which endureth forever. I have many objections to offer against human standards in religion, but most defer them to another opportunity.—Yours, in the bonds of the gospel,

B. H.

A pervading tranquillity (not apathy) is generally the characteristic of the first order of minds, as restlessness is of the second. The planets twinkle, the fixed stars shine with unbroken steadiness.

THE BIBLE.—In a dedication to an early printed black letter Bible, to Edward VII., by Edmund Burke, we find the following curious passage:—'Lett this booke, bee a perpetual president and a patterne for all laws and lawyers, a jewell of joy, for all that by your grace's commission are constituted in office or authorities. Then should the great travail—the immoderate expenses and costes which the poor man dayly sustayneth in his endless suits, pierce and move their heartes with pittie and compassion. Then neither should God's cause nor the poor man's matter have so many putoffs and delays.' A little further below, he hopes 'that the better class of society would willinglie vouchsafe to sufferate, and spare an hour or two in a day from their worldlie business, employing it about the reading of this book, as they have been used heretofore to do in the Chronicles and Canterburie Tales.' A copy of the rare Bible, from which the above is taken, is in the possession of Earl Spencer, at Althorp.

He that is much in prayer shall grow rich in grace; he shall thrive and increase most that is busiest in this, which is our very traffic with heaven, and fetches the most precious commodities thence. He that sets oftenest out those ships of desire; that makes the most voyages to that land of spices and pearls, shall be sure to improve his stock most, and have most of heaven upon earth. But the true art of this trading is very rare. Every trade hath something wherein the skill of it lies; but this is deep and supernatural, and is not reached by human industry. Industry is to be used in it, but we must know the faculty of it comes from above, from that Spirit of prayer, without which learning and wit can do nothing. Therefore, this is to be our prayer often, our great suit for the Spirit of prayer, that we may speak the language of the sons of God by the Spirit of God; which alone teaches the heart to pronounce aright.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

A GOOD ANSWER BADLY REQUITED.

At a meeting lately held at Shrewsbury in the benevolent view of forwarding the cause of the 'Sunday School society for Ireland,' the very reverend the dean of Ardagh, in his usual tone of good humor and pleasantry, after stating the indispensable necessity of continuing some such sort of society as that whose cause he appeared before them to plead, related several interesting anecdotes—one remarkably illustrative of that hatred with which Sunday School education is viewed by the popish priesthood of Ireland, as darkness flies its opposite, light. One of these priests asked a boy who was breaking stone on the road, 'How long is it since Adam was a little boy?' 'Please your reverence,' replied the boy, 'Adam never was a little boy; he was made a full-grown man.' Very right! very right!—'Where was you educated, boy?' The boy hesitated to reply. 'Answer me instantly,' cried the priest. The boy dropped his hammer, rose up, and prepared for flight—'Please your reverence, I was educated in a Sunday School'—and away he ran, well knowing what would be the consequence of such a declaration. His reverence finding the boy was too nimble for him, cried after him, 'O, you rascal, I would horsewhip you if I could catch you.'—*Kidderminster Messenger.*

AN ADDRESS.

Delivered before the Hawes Juvenile Association for the suppression of profanity, at the public annual exhibition of the male department of the Hawes school, Wednesday, August 23d, 1837, by George A. Stevens.

Respected Friends,—You have this day come hither to witness the annual exhibition of the Hawes School; to form some idea of our improvement in the several departments of study, and to ascertain whether we have spent the past year in idleness and folly, or in the commendable pursuits of learning and wisdom. We wish, by the exercises to which we are attending, to lay before you, so far as we are able, the history of the Hawes School for the last twelve months. If you find in it any thing laudable and worthy your commendation, we shall be gratified. Permit me then, to observe, that our time has not wholly been devoted to literary pursuits; a portion of it has been given to the cultivation of morality. With the advice and assistance of our teachers, a moral society has been formed in this school, and by this Juvenile Association I am delegated to make you acquainted with its affairs. I regret that my brethren did not choose some one who would have better performed this duty, and who might have reflected some honor upon the Society. But I will not occupy time in framing an apology. The Association to which I refer is designed to suppress profanity, a vice too common among the youth, and not uncommon among the more advanced in life. The Society was formed on the 22d day of February last, the birth day of the immortal Washington, whose life was the model of every virtue, and whose lips were never polluted by a profane oath. At its formation, the society consisted of thirty nine members, pupils of the Hawes School, who, according to their own declaration, and the testimony of their companions, were entirely free from the vice which it is our object to suppress. Without regarding ourselves as particularly depraved, the number, it must be confessed, was lamentably small, compared with the whole body of scholars. Since then there have been thirty-three added. And if half this number have been thoroughly reformed, how abundant have been the fruits of this combined effort. The society has a pledge which its members sign, and a constitution by which all its proceedings are regulated.

Thus far every thing has prospered. There has been only one member expelled, and two others temporarily suspended, for a violation of the pledge. The business of the society has not been allowed to interfere with our studies and other duties, and its meetings are conducted, we believe, with decency and good order. The Association, we are confident, has done much good among its members. The foul voice of profanity is, generally speaking, never heard amongst them, and consequently peace has more widely prevailed, for the good reason that harsh, profane language is often the filth thrown off from an overloaded ill-temper, and is very apt to irritate those to whom it is addressed, and thus produce discords and quarrels. Discreet, well chosen language becomes all classes, and persons of every age in the community, but more especially the youth, those who are just beginning the world, and contracting habits and forming characters, which will probably be as lasting as their existence. We are told by those who have trod the path of youth before us, that our prosperity and happiness in the world depend much upon the beginnings which we make. We are told that it is much easier to maintain good habits, than it is to break from vicious ones: that it is less difficult to preserve our characters from reproach than it is to redeem them from disgrace after they have once been corrupted.

The members of this society wish to begin life with fair prospects. We believe it to be important to gain the mastery over our tongues, and to aid us in so doing, to excite us to watchfulness, we have formed this Association. The human tongue is often unruly and needs to be restrained by goodness and wisdom. It is high authority which says: 'He that would love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile.'

—We feel sure that the objects of our society are worthy, and that they will gain the approbation of our friends.

Brethren of this Association,—I cannot close without expressing to you, briefly, the earnest feelings of my heart. Fellow-students, long, very long may we treasure up the good things which we have here learned. When we shall go into the world, may we carry with us not only the literary, but the *moral* principles which have here been taught us. When we shall be tempted to speak unadvisedly, may we remember the Hawes School and this little society to which we here belonged, 'this few, this happy few, this band of brothers.' Let us call to mind the pledge which we here gave each other, that we would not be guilty of profanity, and may the remembrance cause every sinful word to perish, before our lips give it utterance. It should be our endeavor not only to gain the approbation, but to entitle ourselves to the respect of the world. This we must do by cherishing correct and noble principles, and contracting virtues and honorable habits. The time which we have spent, and the labor which we have performed in this temple of science, in the acquirement of an education, will be no better than time and labor lost, unless we are disposed to use that education in laudable pursuits. Literature may improve the mind, but virtue alone ennobles the character.

Profanity is among the many vices which we should avoid; it is always the companion of folly and weakness. It is the language of the bar-room, the gaming table, and of all places where decency, sobriety and moral excellence are shamefully disregarded. It is the profanation of every thing holy and an open defiance of Almighty God. It never will recommend us to any one whose society may be safely sought, or whose esteem is of any value. It is a folly and a crime that has no good excuse, for profanity is always used where other language might be better employed.

Fellow members, probably these are the last moments which some of us shall spend in the midst of these associates, and under the guidance of those faithful instructors. This separation is calculated to awaken serious thoughts. It reminds us that our season of gay childhood will soon be past, and that we shall soon be called to act for ourselves in the chequered scenes of mature life. Let us improve well each moment as it flies; and before we separate, let us resolve that in all after life we will maintain and practice the principles of mercy, temperance and truth—that we will, so far as in us lies, obey in all things, the commands of Him who spake as never man spake, and who has said to all his children—'Swear not at all.'

Note.—As questions have been asked in regard to the age of the auther of the address,it may be well here to state, that, by a law of the School Committee, 'boys are not permitted to retain their places in the public schools, beyond the day of the next annual exhibition, after they shall have arrived at *fourteen* years of age.'

We subjoin the following extracts from the Constitution of the Association.

Preamble.—We, undersigned members of the Hawes School, regarding profane swearing as a most pernicious sin, and earnestly desiring to abstain from it ourselves, and to check its progress in others, have resolved to form ourselves into a society for the suppression of profanity, and to be governed by the following regulations, as a Constitution.

Article 5. Any member who shall be known to be guilty of profanity may be indited by the Standing Committee, and expelled or suspended or otherwise punished at discretion of the Society.

Article 6. Profane swearing shall be divided into two classes. In the first class shall be comprehended the use of the name of 'God,' or the 'Savior,' together with that of 'damn,' or its compounds, and 'hell,' or its compounds. In the second class shall be included all other words which may indirectly come under the title of profane, such as 'curse,' 'devil,' and their compounds, of which the society shall judge.

I'M COLD.

'I'm cold! I'm cold!' cried the maniac, as he entered the room where was a blazing fire, and retired to the extreme corner. 'I'm hungry! I'm faint!' again he cried, and turned his back upon a table spread with substantial food and inviting delicacies.

So it is with many disciples. They mourn over their coldness, while they refuse to come to the fire, kindled by the love of God. They cry out 'my leanness! O my leanness!' while they turn their backs upon the gospel feast.

Jesus has made abundant provision for the spiritual wants of his children; and if they are cold, it must be because they will not come to the fire—if they are hungry or thirsty, it is because they will not partake of the bread and water of life.—*Boston Recorder.*

Two manifestations of the course of Providence have often been pointed out as the most distinct and prominent which have yet occurred in the history of the human race. The coming of our Lord and Savior is one, at that precise time when the world, in its moral and political circumstances, was best fitted for the reception and diffusion of the Gospel,—the other, far indeed inferior in moment to that paramount event, but inferior to it alone, is the discovery of printing just when the Gospel itself was to be raised as it were from the dead.—*Southey.*

TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

By the subjoined it will be seen that the Temperance movements in America, are attracting the attention of the French Government.

To the Rev. John Marsh, Corresponding Secretary of the American Temperance Union.

Philadelphia, September, 7, 1837.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—You will no doubt see with pleasure, by the enclosed extract of a letter which I have just received from France, that the laudable exertions made in the United States to improve the moral condition of mankind by endeavoring to eradicate the dreadful vice of intemperance, have attracted the notice of the French government. I consequently take the liberty of addressing myself to you, requesting the favor of your assistance to enable me to meet the wishes of my government, by reporting fully upon a society which has already produced so much good in its effect.

I remain with regard, Rev. and dear Sir, yours respectfully, M. E. Hersant.

Extract of a Letter written July 22, 1837, by the Count Mole, President of the Council, and Minister of Foreign Affairs, to Mr M. E. Hersant, Consul of France, at Philadelphia.

'The results obtained in the United States by the Temperance societies, beginning to attract the public attention in France, I would see with pleasure, sir, your researches and investigations directed towards those institutions: and that through a minute report upon their organization and effects on the different parts of the Union, you will put the government of the king in the way to form a just and correct idea of them.'

To the Editor of the Register and Observer.

Sir,—In your last paper I notice your appendix to a former account of the installation of the Rev. Mr Angier in Milton. After a momentary pause, I bethought myself of a jeu d'esprit of one of his predecessors. As I am not aware that it ever has been published, I aim to furnish you with it. Three or four days before Dr McKean was ordained he met Dr Cheverus, (after Archbishop of Bordeaux) on West Boston bridge and invited him to attend. He readily assented; but instantly said, No sir, I cannot, for that day is All Saints day. O, says Dr McKean you had better come, for nearly all of them will be there! Senex.

Cambridge, Oct. 16, 1837.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—I attended, last Sunday evening, a meeting at Cambridge for the celebration of the 9th anniversary of the Sunday School connected with Nr Newell's Society.

The crowded church bore evidence of the great interest which our Cambridge brethren feel in the subject of religious education—and the valuable hints and suggestions, made in the exceedingly interesting and able report of the School, and in the remarks of several gentlemen who addressed the meeting, doubtless increased that interest.

It is not, however, my object to give you a sketch of the proceedings—this, it is to be hoped, will be done by abler hands.

My object is simply to express a feeling of satisfaction, that the tone of remark at such meetings is beginning to change. It now is more serious. A disposition to *improve*, is manifested. Teachers seem to be tired of praise and adulation. They are becoming conscious of their imperfections. They feel the need of instruction, and they crave it.

It was well perhaps, when Sunday schools were in their infancy, to say *little* of their blemishes. Indeed, there was no need of the *friends* of the Institution, troubling themselves to point these out. Their *enemies* had pre-occupied this field. They were constantly speaking of the disadvantages, the defects, the dangers of Sunday Schools—and thus perhaps did no little good.

But the times are changed. The enemies are driven, or rather *drawn*, off the field. The voice of reproach has ceased. The syren notes of praise now fall upon the ear—and it is to be feared that we are becoming so used to flattery and applause, that our faults, our errors, are well nigh forgotten. Some of the friends of Sunday Schools are just now beginning to feel this. They see the danger—and could guard against it. Let them be encouraged. Let us lend a willing ear, to the voice of instruction. Let us seek out our imperfections, and banish them. Let us not flinch from the *probe.* Boston.

Secrets of Comfort.—Though sometimes small evils like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to annoy us, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.—*Sharp's Essays.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THOUGHTS ON ROMANS IV. 7.

The Universalists contend that Paul's declaration, 'He that is dead is free from sin,' is conclusive against the doctrine of future punishment. I think myself that it is conclusive against the orthodox hell where sinners 'blaspheme God and gnaw their tongues for pain,' but it does not say he that is dead is freed from remorse. But they urge, if the tree of sin be not there, neither will the fruit be there. Herein is inconsistency, they object to arguments from analogy, yet argue from analogy themselves. But without this, let me ask if a hickory is now cut, whether the nuts will not be jarred loose and left on the field. Such comparisons though, as sin to a tree, or Christ to a vine, are not to be carried out so far.

In the second verse Paul says 'how shall we that *are* dead to sin' in verse iv. 'Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death' verse xiv. 'For sin shall *not* have dominion over you' verse xviii. 'Being then made free from sin, ye *became* the servants of righteousness' verse xxii. 'But *now* being made free from sin.' Thus he appears to consider real followers of Jesus freed from sin even as the dead are. But will our Universalist brethren contend that Christians feel no remorse for the sins of their unregenerate life. Look at verse xxi. 'What fruit had ye in those things whereof ye are now ashamed.' The Romans though free from sin were ashamed of having been once slaves to it—they suffered remorse for their past offences. If then the Romans, though freed from sin suffered from shame and remorse, why may not the dead though freed from sin suffer for sin? The text it appears to me gives no suport to Universalism though it does oppose the common notion of endless torments among the devils. T. F.

EXTENSIVE TRAVELLING.

Mr Buckingham, late M. P. for Sheffield, has addressed a farewell letter to the people of Great Britain, in which he announces his intention to make a voyage of great extent. He states that his first visit will be to the United States of America. After visiting the principal cities of that country, it is his intention to proceed to the British possessions in the west, including Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Upper and Lower Canada, and then to pass on to the West India Islands and the Gulf of Mexico. The question of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans being one of great interest to commerce and civilization, he purposes going across the isthmus of Darien, and investigating its localities, with the view to the formation of a competent practical opinion on the subject. He then intends proceeding by way of Panama, Acapulco, or Lima, to China; thence to Australia and Van Dieman's Land, and after visiting the principal stations in the Eastern Archipelago, including the Molucas, Borneo, Sumatra, and Java, to proceed onward by Malacca and Singapore to India. After this he hopes to return again to Europe, by way of the Red Sea, the isthmus of Suez, and the Mediterranean, revisiting probably Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Constantinople, and the black Sea, the continent of Greece and the islands of the Archipelago; and, after traversing Sicily, Italy, and the Adriatic, return home by Switzerland, Germany, and France. His object is to diffuse civilization, and improve every country, by impressing the doctrines of temperance, education, mercy, and peace. He proposes publishing an account of his progress three or four times every year, as occasion may require.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—I am glad Retzsch's sketches of Schiller's Song of the Bell are circulating among us. If such an artist would thus illustrate our Bunyan! The account of these imagimative designs, which appeared in the Foreign Quarterly, the only one which has appeared in English, is so meagre, I am induced to offer you the translation which follows, of notices prefatory to Retzsch's '*Umusse su Schiller's Lied von der Glocke.*' C.

1. *Vision.*

An introductory vision to the cyclus of images of Schiller's Bell, which places before the eye in delicate outlines, the ground-work of the poem: to denote the etherial, transparent nature of the meteor, objects are perceptible behind the form of the bell. The outbreaking flame also, not only indicates the nature of the element as an appearance in the air, and the production of its imitation through human art, but is also the symbol of that high inspiration, which the immortal poet has kindled in eternal youth. Round the bell sweep in rushing, flying dance, the Hours, and lead light-knit, and with delicate motion, in their airy dance, Discord, Joy, Pain and Peace. The first is known by the snaky hair, and the wild and fiend-like look fastened to the earth; she holds the torch in the right hand, and longing, waits the moment, when the perplexed dance shall bring about an opportunity to touch the bell with the fire-brand, and elicit from it the terrific note, which shall extend far and wide through all, and give man the token of evil; then Joy, with serene look, and rose-crowned hair; Pain with covered, thorn and cypress wreathed head, bowed sorrowful to earth; conspicuous in front is Peace, as she, with palm-branch, light and soft touches the sounding circ, and from it first draws the blessed tone, which the poet, in the concluding words of his lay invokes, 'Peace be its first sound.' And thus to comprise the whole anew in few words, this page is likewise a poetic, allegoric paraphrase of the words,

'Whatever far below to earth's sons
Changing fortune may bring,
Shall strike on the metallic ring,
Widely instructive sounding.'

2. *Prologue.*

The interior of a workshop. Behind the master, who is standing in the midst, appears the melting and casting furnace, with its valves hanging in chains, casting and air holes. Projecting a little out of the hollow mound, one remarks the form signified by the words of the poem;

'Fast immured in the earth,
Stands the mould of burnt clay.'

The workmen are employed in different ways, as with models, inscriptions, designs, ornaments, moulded of wax. The design of the bell is seen hanging from a table, and the master accompanies the labors of his assistants with

'Earnest words, and good discourse.'

The bas relief in the pediment, is a hieroglyphic easily understood employed to signify the harmony which Schiller knew how in this poem, to set forth in such a masterly way, between poesy and the labors of art. Above hangs in the centre, his image, bordered by the symbol of eternity, and illuminated by a star; while both lyres to the right and left, one with the head of Socrates and the owl, the other in swan-form, exhibit the excellence of the Immortal, both as a lyric and philosophic poet, and which the German oak and Grecian laurel, flourishing in wide circle round the medallion, as unfading signs of his renown, testify.

On the left of the poet's image, sits Prometheus, holding in one hand the heaven-stolen fire, whose use he taught to men, (here in relation to the melting of the metal,) while the other supports the thinking forehead; near him the creative matter; before him, springing from a vine, a pendent flower-bell, which—an unconscious sport of nature—the stamen of a flower below, in form of a clapper, strikes sidewise; and thus, deviating from he customary tradition of the invention of the bell, derives it naturally and poetically. In the other corner, opposite to the former, Minerva, teacher of man, the skilled and inventive friend of the earth-born, turns her head to her darling,—the palm of peace in her right hand, which rests on the globe, and holding the protecting spear over the symbols of art and science. As the flower-bell in the arabesque on the left, possesses significance, so serves also the burning lamp, a corresponding ornament on the right, as a symbol of nocturnal diligence, and thoughtful consideration, for

'The base man must one despise,
Who never regards considerately what he accomplishes.
This is it which becomes mankind,—
And thereto is to him reason,
That he in the inner heart may trace
What he creates with the hand.'

3. *The Preparation of the Furnace.*

The arrangements and operations which must precede the casting, are now completed, and the workmen proceed to the preparation of the bell-metal. With close attention the master watches over the management of the mass, now almost ready to flow; and with the thereupon significant, purely technical directions, whose conciseness, precision, and uniform return in the trochaic measure, therefore chosen, he so livelily expresses, he strings together with reflective mind the considerations and profound views of life, therefrom arising to the thoughtful spirit, and in the metre of the reflective and rapid iambus. Farther, to exhibit in act, this division of the technical from reflexion and poesy, a small and oval form was selected for the border of the first; while reflection is presented in the sharp drawn lines of a quadrangle; and the pure, poetic, boundless, lacks all limitation of border and lines. The present sketch is one of the first sort.

'Take wood of the pine-stem,
Yet right dry let it be!
* * * * * * *
Fuse the copper well!
Quick the tin hither!'

One brings the blocks of tin, which another,—for the furnace glows vehemently,—throws in. The wood, which a third brings, another throws into the iron grate of the furnace, while the master directs the whole. There is nothing of the symbolic or poetical; were they here, they would be in the wrong place.

4. *Height and Depth.*

The type is cast out of lead, yet the spirit has the wings of Psyche. While the metal below concocts, roaring 'in the deep hollow of the mound,' and not yet the visible intended form of the bell flows into the internal fissure of the furnace; while the flame in the form of wings, bursts through the pipes to the day; and the tone yet sleeps, which 'will soon mourn with the afflicted, soon join in the choir of devotion;' the spirit imagines the belfry ascending into the clouds, and already suspends the iron tongue, which, as not yet executed, is therefore perceived through the dotted outline of fancy.

The allegoric forms of Peace, Discord, Pain and Joy,—which in the first sketch, in ethereal dance with the hours rush around the flying air-form,—constitute here the strong pillars of the belfry, which, with its sounding burden,

'Shall endure to a late day,
And move many a human ear.'

The present, and the future, what is, and what shall be, Time bears up. In the form of bat-winged hour glasses, (bad hours,) and as mighty Caryatides, which bear hour glasses balanced on the head and shoulders, he supports the whole,—over the head of the middle figure, the globe floating in clouded ether, that to the right treading on the sun as an image of all life, that to the left on the symbol of death and annihilation—thus he supports the front which represents, in a series of bas reliefs,

'Whatever far below to earth's sons,
Changing fortune brings,'

and thus the contents of the whole, brought together in one, show what the following pages display, singly.

Lightly sketched, comes the child, 'in his life's first path,' the 'bride,' in whose locks plays the maiden garland, the 'wife,' on the last way. This microcosm of human destiny revolving in regular circulation, the image of evening breaking in, interrupts; a ploughman returning home, the moon crescent in the heavens; farther the night is represented by a figure stretched out in deep sleep; lastly, the morning under the image of a sleeper rising up with the sun. To them the rest and labors of three repeated days. To the right of the opposite representation of quick-gliding human life, the insurrection, when

'The people rending their chains,
Frightfully employ their own forces;'

the conflagration's unfettered might;

'Through the street's long line,
It spreads with the wind's swiftness.'

The freedom-movement when

Destroying bands ramble round,
* * * * * * * *
When women become hyænas,
* * * * * * * *
And all crimes move free.'

Peace finally, when,

'In fiery activity,
Become all forces known.'

5. *Farther Management of the Furnace.*

'Well, the masses are in flow,
Let it be penetrated with alkali,
That quickens the casting;
Also pure from foam,
Must the mixture be.'

The master advances to the spot where the mixture is yet to be purified from froth, which the workmen diligently labor to get out of the furnace. The heat of the furnace is entirely insupportable; therefore are the hands of the workmen defended by bags dipped in water, and their heads covered. Potash is brought, and the attentive mistress brings, or sends refreshment to the workmen, oppressed with such difficult labors.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

LEX TALIONIS.

Matt. v. 38, 39. 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you that ye resist not evil.' If we attentively consider this passage we shall find that it is the spirit of retaliation, *the tit for tat*, that Jesus intended to discourage. He virtually repealed the law of retaliation which Moses 'suffered' for the 'hardness of their hearts.' If we turn to Exodus xxi. 23 we shall find, 'If men strive * * * and if mischief follow, then thou shalt give life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe.' Now no one will say that although Jesus forbade taking eye for eye and tooth for tooth, yet he allows the taking of hand for hand or foot for foot. No, it is the whole which is repealed, the law of retaliation. Yet some still maintain that life must be taken for life. Is this consonant with the spirit of Jesus? Is not life for life, a portion of that same spirit which says stripe for stripe. Is it not opposed to the spirit of kindness to enemies, to that spirit which overcomes evil with good.'

This argument weighs very strongly with me against capital punishments. Another argument against them is derived from the maxim of Cicero. The greatest incentive to guilt is the hope of impunity. While the governor can pardon, and juries are so unwilling to convict, many murderers escape punishment. Scolding parents threatening punishment continually to their children, yet inflicting it only when angry, make disobedient sons and daughters. The Universalists preaching has this advantage over the Orthodox, that they show the certainty of the punishment for sin. But the Unitarians have the advantage over both; they show the still greater certainty of punishment, for though a man may drown reflection in pursuit of pleasure here yet there will be no *such* pleasures in the life to come and conscience cannot be eluded. F. T.

A Poor Blind Girl.—A poor blind girl, in England, brought to a clergyman 30 shillings, for the missionary cause. He objected, 'You are a poor blind girl, and cannot afford to give so much.' 'I am indeed blind,' said she, 'but can afford to give these 30 shillings, better perhaps than you suppose.' 'How so.' 'I am sir, by trade, a basket maker, and can work as well in the dark, as in the light. Now I am sure in the last winter, it must have cost those girls who have eyes more than 30 shillings for candles to work by, which I have saved; and therefore hope you will take it for the missionaries.' *Burder's Mis. Anecdotes, p.* 318.

As one who at broad noonday should close the windows and doors of his house, and stop every crevice to keep out the light, that it may not dim the shining of his candles, and should then strike a spark in this corner and that, and rejoice in seeing here a match and there a taper, and think how much nobler it is to enjoy this illumination of his own than to owe aught to the sun—so is he who shuts himself in the chambers of his self-will, and darkens himself againstt the radiance of truth. Poor man! he knows not in the pride of independence that even his weak and meagre glimmer is a witness to some higher source of light than himself, whose effluence he did not create, but only appropriate and obscure.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

The ninth anniversary of the second Sunday School in Cambridge, connected with Rev. Mr Newell's Society, was held on Sunday evening last. It was gratifying to see so many of the friends of Sunday Schools assembled; the large church was almost filled, reminding us by the concourse, of our annual literary festival. All the Societies in town were invited to participate. Prayers were offered by the Rev. Mr Newell; hymns were sung by the children, and a report was offered by the Secretary, Mr Whitney, of the Divinity School, on the origin, history, and present state of the school. Rev. Dr Follen, we were told, was its original designer, its first superintendent, its ardent friend. Originating with families of the University, the expectation of its founder, was that it would be confined to them; but the plan being warmly embraced by families of the first parish, the school was at once connected with that. It was first opened on the 12th of October, 1828. Members of the University were still continued as teachers, and among the names of its earliest supporters, we recognised those of our brothers, Messrs. Hosmer, Moore, Peabody, Palfrey, Bulfinch, Goodwin, Putnam, and Haven. Remarks were submitted by Mr Whitney, on the subject of teachers, teachers' meetings, Sabbath exercises of the school, the library and treasury. An interesting allusion was made to the donation of a little girl, Harriet W. Webster, who died a few years since, leaving a sum of money for the library, which has been appropriated to the purchase of books for the use of the teachers, that a more lasting memorial may be preserved in the school, of their little friend. Some remarks were offered in conclusion of the report, on the growing interest of the more intelligent portion of the community in Sunday Schools,—in substance, the following:

Wise and good men have withheld their cooperation, because they fancied that with the Institution, serious evils were connected. So still think wise and good men, perhaps. But what multitudes who but ten years ago so thought, think so no longer. Turn for proof of this to the testimony afforded in the old world; turn to the reports which are annually coming in from all parts of our own country. How many of the clergy, even the lawyers, physicians, and teachers, the intelligent merchants and mechanics, the wise and the honored of our land, have but recently given their sympathy and their services to the cause of Sabbath Schools!

And for those of our friends who from conscientious motives, are not yet with us, let here a word be spoken. Let us grant what they fear, that evils are connected with the institution we favor; in some instances, perhaps from improvidence, or mismanagement, serious evils. Let not apparent success, or our own bright hopes, make us deaf to their objections, or lead us to count this institution as *the one supreme thing.* Let it be placed where only it should be placed, among the means, the most important means indeed, of spiritual culture, not for the children alone, but likewise for the teachers, who are but older children. And then let it be asked, comes there ever a great blessing to man, without some evil immediate or ultimate? And let the good be measured, if possible, which the three millions of children are computed to have received, in the little kingdom of England alone, from the year 1781, when Robert Raikes established the first modern Sunday School, to the year 1826. Who shall tell the multitudes besides, who during this period and since, in Scotland, and Ireland, and on the Continent, and in our own country, have at the Sunday School, in spite of all evils, been taught their first notions of spiritual things. In this light let Sunday Schools be regarded, and the hearts of the benevolent can hardly fail to be warmed into interest for their success. This view operating on the candid minds of the intelligent, has done more than all else to awaken that increasing interest to which allusion is now made, and which, as resting on right grounds, is properly a subject of congratulation. A single instance may be cited, beautiful in itself, and telling of the valuable aid which has been brought to the work. We recently saw an honored representative* in our city, resigning the office of Superintendant of a Sunday School to repair to Washington, where other duties called him. Beautiful and cheering sight indeed! The eloquent lawyer, the patron of many public interests, the great and good man, going up from the quiet Sabbath instruction of children, whose love and confidence he had won, and who were moved to tears at his loss, to sit in the council chamber of our nation, and legislate for her good. Verily, there is danger from this bright feature in the condition and prospects of Sunday Schools, lest we feel that all is accomplished, and that much farther effort is unnecessary. Let it serve not alone for encouragement, but for fresh and continued exertions to increase their benefits, to obviate any evils which may be connected with them, and to convince those whose services are needed, that they are indeed deserving, and have a solemn claim on those services.

And in the meanwhile, the same great object is before the Sunday School teacher, to develope and rightly direct the spiritual nature of the child. How important, how interesting a work! Surely so, if we look only at the welfare of the child. For him alone shall this great work be unaccomplished, and he be left, independent perhaps of the fostering care of parents and friends, to go on in utter indifference to spiritual things, in sin perhaps, to live, and move, and have his being, and in sin to die? Important and interesting surely, if we regard him in his relations to society;—moving among his fellows, linked in with the community, not alone polluting himself perhaps, but spreading pollution around him. In the expressive and beautiful language of the poet,

'The child is father of the man.'

Rev. Mr Newell next made a few remarks on the purpose of the meeting, and was followed by the superintendant Mr Barrett of the Theological school. He spoke to the question, does the religious education of the young, claim our sympathy, our encouragement and support? He drew a very happy parallel between the Caffraria child, taught from infancy to reverence as its God a little winged insect, and the enlightened pupil of our Sunday School, 'offering the incense of a pure heart to the Almighty Maker of the Universe.' Allusion was made to the Duke of Burgundy, who, unfeeling, irritable and violent in early life, gave indications of every thing to be feared in temper and disposition. But he, through the efforts of those engaged in his religious training, especially the good Fenelon, was rendered affable, mild, humane, humble and severe only to himself. All observation, inquiry into the laws of spirit, the whole analogy of the external world Mr B. maintained did concur in illustrating and enforcing the importance of early religious culture, if we would witness the fruits of the spirit in maturer years. And yet, obvious as this may seem, how often was it practically denied.

There is, said Mr B. in conclusion, a profound significance we have not yet penetrated, in the command of our Savior, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' It is only by leading little children to Jesus and forming them after that divine model that the kingdom of heaven is to be fully established. Only by preserving their pure hearts from every taint of sin, by unfolding into manly strength their divine affections, and maintaining in them a steady growth of virtuous and holy endeavors, that the true glory and happiness of men is to be revealed. But while the religious culture of children is but little attended to, we may expect to have multitudes blind to every thing but the interests of the passing moment; encased in selfishness, feeble in virtue, alienated from God, and indifferent to their own immortal interests. But let the community, parents, teachers come to a just estimate of the importance of this subject, so that children shall be shielded from all corrupting influences from the very blight of death—taught early taught continually that virtue is the great end of man's existence, that for this they should endure and sacrifice everything—that it is worth far more than life, and we may then hope for a generation of pure minds and noble spirits such as the world has not yet dreamed of; then, and not till then, I think, may we expect, not here and there one, but multitudes, who would devote themselves to the cause of truth and righteousness with a true martyr's spirit, who would deem the sacrifice of every thing, even of life itself, not to be thought of for a moment when compared with the sacrifice of principle.

Rev. Mr Barnard followed. He went back to the origin of modern Sunday Schools and in his usual felicitous manner traced the influence they had exerted, since the simple query was proposed by Robert Raikes, why may not these children be religiously instructed on the Sabbath, instead of being thus left to idleness and vice? The duties of teachers, and the spirit and manner in which their meetings should be conducted, were finely set forth.

Rev. Mr Muzzy spoke next. This crowded house, he observed, had been gathered, as the report had signified, not alone for congratulation, but likewise to gain new lessons of duty in regard to an important cause. What were our dangers and duties? And for encouragement, he could cite another instance from the halls of Congress of eminent talents lent to the service of Sabbath schools. He referred to Hon. Mr Hoar, whose school at Concord he had that day had the pleasure of visiting. Mr M. addressed some remarks to parents, which were exceedingly interesting particularly on the importance of a religious example for their children. One very touching incident he related as bearing on this point. A little child came home from the Sunday school and said, 'Father my teacher told me that all good people pray do you ever pray? I never heard you.'

Mr Nightingale of the Theological school spoke on the importance of a suitable regard to the occupation, the plays and employments of children. Viewed in connection with the characters of the children, these were as important as was the actual business of life, considered as a discipline of virtue and preparation for eternity.

Other remarks were made, of which we are not able to furnish the abstract. Rev. Mr Newell concluded with an affectionate exhortation to the children. We are happy that meetings of this kind are becoming quite frequent among us. The effect is good. They serve to place Sunday schools in a true light, and awaken that interest in the community by which alone all their benefits can be realized.

* Hon. Richard Fletcher.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 28, 1837.

ENGLISH EDITIONS OF AMERICAN BOOKS.

It is gratifying to find that many of our American works have met with a favorable reception in the Father-land, and have, in some instances been republished by enterprising booksellers in London, with ample acknowledgment of the sources from whence they originated. This is as it should be. Common justice requires that in all instances of republication the names of the authors should be given; and that the book should honestly appear to be an American book.

But we have had too much reason to complain of unfair dealing in these particulars, on the part of English publishers.

We have just seen a neat and beautiful London edition of the 'Offering of Sympathy,' in which, while all the *original* articles of that deservedly popular and excellent collection—which were written, as is well known, by clergymen of our denomination in this city and vicinity—are word for word republished and the whole *appendix*, which was taken chiefly from *English* writers, is *omitted*, not the slightest notice is given of the American origin of the work. Almost the whole of the preface by the American compiler, stating the occasion and design of the book is left out; and, though the *names* of the authors of the original articles are in the index affixed to the Titles of their pieces, yet as far as the little volume itself furnishes any information, the English reader is left in utter ignorance that he is indebted—if any debt be incurred—to *American Unitarian Divines.*

Now, it is pleasant to know that what was intended for the consolation and support of the sorrowful in this meridian, is found to minister

to the wants of the afflicted abroad—and, that it has well performed this kindly office in England, we need no better evidence than the fact that a very large edition of the book has already been disposed of—but surely it is meet, and both common honesty and ordinary generosity demands, that where advantage is taken of the labors of foreign authors, the source should at least be acknowledged.

Still grosser instances of the use of borrowed treasures by British Editors or Publishers will in this connexion, recur to the memory of many of our Readers.

The 'View of Religions' by Hannah Adams, a work in the highest degree creditable to the faithful research, the accurate learning and the truly Christian-like impartiality of that excellent lady, was republished in Europe, without the slightest notice of the real author: and, unless our memory is greatly at fault, appeared as the work and for the fame of one *John* Adams!! who, bearing the name, without one particle, as the deed itself proves, of the honest spirit of the fair writer, was meanly willing to enrich himself by the fruits of her toils and wisdom.

The 'Natural History of the Bible' by the Rev. T. M. Harris D. D. of Dorchester, Mass. a work of still greater research and learning, which has received no more than its merited commendation in the English Journals, may be cited as another flagrant instance of this improper use of the writings of American authors.

Far be it from us to desire to prevent—even if by a word it could be done—the free use of all foreign literature. Let the Commonwealth of Letters, whatever becomes of other commonwealths, be free as liberty itself. And if a book contain the seeds of good—the faster it goes and the wider it is distributed the better. Only, Booksellers must not forget—for they have no immunities above other men—that it is incumbent upon them to render to every man his due—honor to whom honor—profit to whom profit—and books to their rightful authors. Fiat Justitia.

We cannot close these remarks without briefly alluding to a curious circumstance with regard to the English republication of the 'Offering of Sympathy.' Not only is every trace of the *residence* of the authors of the original contributions obliterated, but also of their being *Unitarians* in sentiment. Here stand the naked names—F. P.—F. W. P. G.—G. R. &c. &c.—no doubt continual objects of wonder, in the cottage of many a strict Churchman, and no less strict Presbyterian, Baptist, &c, but never once suspected to belong to any other than, sound Orthodox Divines—under which guise their works have afforded light and solace to hundreds of hearts in dark and dreary hours. We apprehend, that there would be discerned some signs of surprise and consternation, if these names should be discovered as designating *American Unitarians*.

Indeed the London Publisher of the book, stated in so many words to a Boston Gentleman who conversed with him upon the subject, that if the authors of the articles had been honestly allowed to be Unitarians, their sentiments—excellent, Christian-like, consolatory, and beautifully expressed as they are—would have obtained but an exceedingly limited circulation and met with little favor.

Alas! Alas! how much is in a name!

BLACKWOOD AND ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

As the religious public feel such an *intense* interest in the course and the probable consequences of the experiments that have been made, and are still making, in Animal Magnetism—and as so much alarm is experienced on the one hand, lest what has hitherto been regarded as the eternal truth of God should be undermined or endangered by the new revelations and miraculous powers of *Somnambulism;* and so much delight expressed, on the other hand, at the prospect that the sublime doctrine of the immortality and the Godlike capacities of the human soul is about to be gloriously illustrated and attested, by the stupendous and spirit-stirring achievements of the *will of man magnetizing*—we have deemed it to be almost a duty to copy from Blackwood the record of a few most extraordinary experiments!

And if any of our readers should be of opinion that there are some particulars in the curious and minute detail of *applications, symptoms and effects*, that do not comport with the gravity and seriousness that ought to characterize the selections introduced into a paper *devoted, &c. &c.*, we can only excuse ourself by saying, that we most earnestly feel it to be a good work, to employ all innocent means to allay the vain apprehensions of some, and the inordinate anticipations of others; and, until it is clearly proved that some great thing is coming, that is to shake once more both the heavens and the earth, and regenerate all our philosophy —to encourage, occasionally, a little pleasantry and a quiet joke at the expense of those who cry 'Lo here, and Lo there'—if only to show our confidence in good old truths—in the foundations upon which our faith and our philosophy at present rest.

There is, as yet, certainly far too much that is artificial, whimsical and ridiculous, mixed up with a few strange facts, and offered to the world as a new and wonderful science, under the name of Animal Magnetism—to tempt any prudent man, for the best that it can offer, to yield a single inch from the lofty, stable, and peaceful mountain, which he has long ago come to occupy, whose base rests upon known, tried and established truths.

That which is of God, real and enduring, is always severely simple even in its mystery, and so majestic and wondrous of itself, as neither to need, nor yet to suffer, paltry artifices and human apparatus to be connected with it.

He who should find himself empowered to do in very deed, without any possibility or suspicion of collusion, or artifice, such works as some Magnetizers have professed to accomplish, would be so awe-stricken in the sense of the co-working Deity, as, like DANIEL, to stand trembling, or like JOHN to fall down as one dead.

When *Jesus* commanded, and the spirits obeyed him, touched the eyes of the blind man and they were opened, and, like one in authority, manifested his will, and the Centurion's son, though a great way off, was healed—then, all men might perceive the majesty and simplicity of truth and divinity in the act, and must acknowledge evidences, that the same Almighty, adorable, and calmly operating energy that moves the stars, and orders all nature, was the agency that assented to his immaculate wish, and attested his divine commission. But where Magnetisers stroke, and gesticulate, and manipulate, and scowl, and practise their multifarious mummery, and work wondrous things, and make still more wondrous pretensions, there appear, rather more of the marks of the quack, and of the enchantments of Egyptian magicians, than of the applications of a Physician, who is inspired with the lofty consciousness of having made some grand discovery, and feels that he is commissioned and smiled upon from Heaven.

For one, we expect and hope for very little from Animal Magnetism, and fear nothing—while every *fact* in relation to it shall be received with the submission and seriousness that facts, even the minutest, demand—and every thing that is ludicrous, and manifests another face of human credulity and gullibility, shall excite a hearty and an honest laugh.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM IN LONDON IN 1837.

EXPERIMENTS, SYMPTOMS, &c.

EXPERIMENT 1. Dr Von Schurke of Vienna determined to make an experiment on a person in still more robust health than your reporter; and for that purpose proceeded, in company with three members of the committee, to a hotel kept by Mr Thomas Cribb, the champion of the English prize-ring. It may perhaps appear somewhat below the dignity of philosophy to frequent such a locality; and a less entire devotion to truth than that we hope entertained by your committee, might prompt us to bury in silence the painful result of this experiment. Dr Von Schurke placed himself in front of a very stout, ruddy-faced man, who was smoking a long pipe, and drinking a combination of gin and sugar in hot water; and without giving any notice of his intention, proceeded with the magnetic manipulations. He laid his hands on the gentleman's shoulders, enjoining him at the same time to be silent, and, after passing down to his fingers, applied his thumb to that of the patient, and allowed the remaining fingers to rest on the back of the patient's hands. There were many other persons in the apartment, who looked on with considerable surprise. Dr Von Schurke having established a community of heat between the thumbs, drew out his hand, and let it fall gently along the line of the patient's face. We sat round watching the effect. The patient gazed most earnestly on all the proceedings of Dr Von Schurke, but made no remark. When, however, the manipulation had continued some time, the patient having finished his pipe laid it on the table, and buttoned up his coat. Dr Von Schurke proceeded with redoubled zeal, and waved his hand faster than ever about half an inch from the patient's nose. But when the Doctor was about to return, by means of the dorsal manipulation, to the patient's shoulders, the gentleman sprang up in a furious access of passion, and seizing the nose of Dr Von Schurke between his finger and thumb, squeezed it till the Doctor roared out for commiseration, in the greatest corporeal pain. The patient, however, did not listen to his cries; but dragging him by the nose to the door, opened it, and applying the point of his great toe to the extremity of the os coccygis of Dr Von Schurke, lifted him half-way across the street with the power of the impulse, and returned into the room. Applying, in the same manner, his finger to the nasal excrescence of Mr Moat, one of the most active members of your committee, he went through the same process, with the exception of the kick, the absence of which he supplied by a slap with the open hand upon the pit of the stomach, which caused Mr Moat to eject all the food he had eaten during the day. In the meantime your reporter was happy enough to discover a back way, by which, in the company of Dr Jephson of Leamington (another member of your committee), by clambering over several walls, he effected his escape. In all succeeding meetings of your committee, Dr Von Schurke has been accommodated with an air-cushion to his chair, and has worn sticking-plaster over his nose, which was nearly separated from his face. Mr Moat has not again made his appearance, being convinced that, along with his breakfast and lunch, he vomited a large portion of his intestines.

EXPERIMENT 2. Patrick Mulhooly, hod-carrier, aged 27, had fallen from a four-story house in October last, and received such severe injuries in both his legs that they were amputated on the following day. Since then he had been totally unable to walk without crutches, or some support in the shape of wooden limbs, into which the stumps of the knees were ingeniously fixed. Baron Dupotet's first object was to draw as great a flow of blood as possible to the extremities, in order that a tendency downwards might be created, to be made available in the further course of the cure. Accordingly, he magnetized Mulhooly on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of July, and on the fourth sitting succeeded in throwing him into a state of somnambulism. On the 14th of July the extraordinary effects of this treatment began to develope themselves. Slight excrescences, similar in form to very young radishes, protruded from the end of the limb, the glow of health returned to the cicatrix of the wound, and the intellect, imagination, and memory of the patient were increased in a most astonishing degree. Baron Dupotet asserted that while in this state of somnambulism Mulhooly possessed all the faculties of any person with whom he was put in magnetic 'rapport,' and proposed, as a proof of this, that some gentleman peculiarly skilled in any walk of science or literature, should join hands with him, and ask what questions he chose. Dr Hamilton Roe, who possesses an intimate acquaintance with the Seraphic language, submitted to the experiment, and having taken his hand, addressed him in the unknown tongue. To the amazement of every one present, Mulhooly conversed in it with the utmost fluency. The only limit to the satisfaction of the company was, that from the unfortunate circumstance of Dr Roe not being himself in a state of magnetism, he could not understand the replies of the somnambulist. But the committee having been informed that several apostles and seven angels had recently arrived at the New Church near Oxford Street, one of Cloud's omnibuses was sent to bring them to the scene of the experiment. In a short time the twelve apostles and all the angels arrived in the conveyance, sixteen inside and three out. One of the angels, a native of Tipperary, undertook to interpret the replies of Mulhooly, and the branch of your committee present at this case comes to the unanimous conclusion that the assertion of Baron Dupotet is verified by the result.

'Dr Roe having asked in the unknown tongue, 'Who am I?' Mulhooly answered, 'ochan yeerab rothoval oy!' which the angel interpreted to mean, 'a pillar of the elect;' upon which the Doctor professed himself satisfied, and said it was the truth.

'At another sitting the excrescences, originally so small, had assumed the appearance of well defined toes,—a heel and sole were afterwards developed, and at the eleventh sitting the cure was completed. The celebrated dancer, Mademoiselle Taglioni, having been invited to enter into magnetic 'rapport' with Mulhooly, touched his hand, and then fixing a thread round the patient's thumb, held it, at the other extremity of the room. She then lifted up one of her graceful feet, and holding it out on a level with her breast, spun round with the velocity of a gig-wheel—Mulhooly unconsciously imitated every attitude, and seemed even to have a greater power over his limbs than the beautiful sylph herself. He placed his right foot on his own shoulder, and spun round for more than a minute at that height, holding his left leg in a horizontal position all the time. He then leapt down from his shoulder, and danced the Cachuca dance in exact imitation of Taglioni. In one of the pirouettes towards the conclusion, he exerted himself so prodigiously that having struck the mouth of Mr Gardener, one of the committee, with his heel, a tooth was displaced with great violence, the extent of which may be judged of from the fact of the tooth being driven backwards through the palate, grazing the spinal column at the back of the neck, and severely wounding Dr Elliotson in the abdomen at a distance of fourteen feet. Mr Gardiner being luckily in possession of an infallible secret for setting himself to sleep, pulled out his night-cap, and made such use of his recipe, that the wound was completely cured, and a new tooth nearly full-grown before he thought proper to awake.

'In this case, also, the existence of the cerebrum abdominale, or rather of the transference of all the senses to the epigastrium, was completely established. The power of reading, however, was not confined to the epigastrium in Mulhooly, but was equally developed in the elbow and tip of the ear. Mr Balfour having brought to one of the meetings an exact transcription of the writing on the Rosetta stone, Mulhooly, having his eyes held by two of the gentlemen present, pulled up his coat-sleeve, and applying his elbow to it, read the inscription with the most perfect ease. The same experiment was repeated with the tip of his ear. What adds, if possible, to the wonder of this experiment is, that till that time Mulhooly was unable to read, his early education having been totally neglected.

A DISTINCT CLASS.

The next class of experiments to which your committee request your attention has reference to inanimate objects. A few words of explanation will introduce the account of our observation more intelligibly. Dr Von Schurke maintains, along with all the distinguished professors of animal magnetism, that magnetism is a vital energy seated in the will of the magnetizer, and propelled in an imperceptible manner from the points of the fingers, or generally from the surface of the body. The *modus operandi* on inanimate nature is this. He impregnates his own soul with a superabundance of magnetic energy—a portion of which, by a strong effort of the volition, he injects into the object to be magnetized. Thus, if a degree of magnetic power represented by the number 9 is required in order to magnetize two objects, one of which can work up its own volition to the amount of 3, the magnetizer needs only to exert his will to the amount of 6, in order to be effectual. But when this power is needed to operate on a non sentient being, who is incapable of volition, it is necessary for the magnetizer to impress himself with the full energy of 9, and then, by an additional effort, to bestow the surplus 3 on the inanimate subject. With this explanation, your committee goes on with its report.

'Dr Von Schurke procured a fowling-piece and a small quantity of powder, and proceeded to the shooting-gallery of a person of the name of Laing. Your committee accompanied him. He laid a small quantity of the powder in the hollow of his hand, and pointed to it with his other fingers for several minutes. He then loaded the gun with it, and having excited in himself a considerable degree of nervous power, he directed the fingers of his right hand to the touch-hole, and in an indescribably short space of time your committee saw the powder take fire, and flash in the pan. The gun was again primed, and Dr Von Schurke, being somewhat irritated at the failure, accumulated such a superabundance of nervous power, that, on the second experiment, the gun could not resist the impulse, but shivered into a thousand pieces. Happily no accident occurred. Your reporter cannot describe the pleasure and surprise with which your committee witnessed the astonishing effect.

'The day on which this occurred was Monday, the 24th of July, which, your committee begs to remind you, was the most stormy day we have met with for many years, as had been foretold by our distinguished colleague, Francis Moore, physician. Availing itself of this circumstance, your committee proceeded, along with Dr Von Schurke, to the top of the Monument on Fish Street Hill. Having arrived there, and finding the wind most propitious for the experiment, the magnetizer looked the north wind fixedly in the face, till it was evidently overcome, and veered off a little to the eastward, as if to avoid the influence. At last, however, the whole compass was so completely saturated with the energy, that it was as obedient as a well-disciplined servant. The success of these two experiments produced so great an effect on your committee, that a strong desire was expressed to see the power of magnetism exercised on the most fierce and indomitable of the elements—the element of fire. One of our colleagues, Mr Wakley, who had for a long time doubted, was now thoroughly convinced of the truth of Dr Von Schurke's pretensions, and, as a proof of his confidence, offered to set fire to his own house. But this generous offer was magnanimously refused. As, however, your committee found itself so near the Mansion-house, it took the liberty of calling on the Lord Mayor, who, with the noble devotion to science worthy of the chief magistrate of the greatest city in this or any other world, immediately, on ascertaining our wish to have a conflagration on a large scale, deputed Alderman Wood to enable us to make our experiments, by setting fire to the river Thames. The worthy Alderman, by some process known only to himself, excited the combustibility of that majestic stream, and soon produced one blaze of flame from Blackwall up to Westminster Bridge. High rose the spiral columns of the destroying fire, and cast a glare against the sky that made the cerulean heaven lurid and red as the vast concave of hell at the Surrey Theatre. The genius of destruction seemed to ride the smoky whirlwind, and direct the ruddy storm towards the steamboats at Tower Stairs. All was agony, and grief, and wo, and ejaculations, and despair. Your committee was itself cast into a state of prodigious perplexity. But Dr Von Schurke impressed the angry billows of thick rolling flames with such a mass of magnetic energy that in one instant the conflagration ceased, and the eloquent alderman was found coughing and sputtering, half-choked with the smoke he himself had been the means of raising. Your committee feels assured that after this it is needless to go on.

INFIRMARY FOR DISEASES OF THE LUNGS.

It is highly gratifying to learn from the Medical and Surgical Journal that, through the judicious benevolence of certain nameless individuals, an Infirmary has been newly established, designed exclusively for the *poor* whose Lungs are diseased.

It is a noble charity, and richly deserves the pecuniary aid of all who have silver and gold to give, and the warmest interest of those who have only the earnest wishes and prayers of a good heart to lend for its countenance and aid.

We trust that it will not be suffered to struggle for existence, but have full course, and receive abundant contributions to extend and establish its usefulness.

The Journal informs us that its beginning was small and unostentatious, and that for the present, patients are examined and prescribed for in the east wing of the old Court House, on the first floor, entrance from School street, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 12 to 1 o'clock.

'By consulting the bills of mortality,' says the Editor of the Medical and Surgical Journal, 'it is apparent that pulmonary consumption has swept multitudes to the grave. The causes producing this melancholy fatality are still operating, as they always will in this variable climate. As the population increases, the mortality arising from various affections of the respiratory organs, increases in a corresponding ratio, till the aggregate, in any given year, in the large towns and cities in New England and particularly in Boston, preponderates over all others in the nomenclature. Believing that it was possible to offer some temporary, if not permanent relief to those whose circumstances forbid them from procuring, in all instances, that advice which their condition obviously requires, an association was formed expressly to meet this demand. To this infirmary every one is welcome. The exact condition of the lungs is ascertained, so far as it has been found practicable by modern improvements and discoveries. Medicines are dispensed gratuitously, and, in a word, nothing is omitted which can be of utility to the patient. A charity based on this broad foundation, we trust, will find favor with an intelligent community. Gentlemen of the city, the clergy, physicians—indeed, all who sympathize with this class of sufferers—are invited to direct them to the infirmary, with full confidence in the skill and assiduity of the medical gentleman who make a voluntary service of their labors. A suitable edifice will be selected, we trust, within a reasonable time, in which the infirmary will be permanently located. It would be an act of injustice to the citizens of Boston to doubt their willingness to provide some quiet, commodius building, as soon as the business of this charity demands it, which cannot be long, meeting, as it does, the entire approbation of every friend of suffering humanity.'

We have received a Treatise on Digestion and its Disorders, by Dr Sweetser. From former painful experience we know that such a work by a sensible practical Physician must be very valuable to invalids. Dr S. has already earned a high reputation as a practitioner and writer, which the present work will doubtless fully sustain.

The Family Nurse, by Mrs Child, has been just published by C. J. Hendee. It deserves and we hope will meet with an extensive circulation. It adds another obligation to the many under which, both ladies who keep house, and they who enjoy refined leisure, have been often placed by its equally practical and poetical author.

We know no better way to express our approbation of the Address before the Society for the suppression of profanity, and also to give extension to whatever may be its good influences, than by transferring it to our columns.

The Ordination of Rev. John T. Sargent as Minister at Large for this city will take place tomorrow evening at Rev. Dr Channing's church in Federal street. Services to commence at half past six o'clock. Sermon by Rev. Mr Greenwood.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It will afford us pleasure to be instrumental in disseminating the beautiful and interesting instructions of MATER to a larger circle than that fortunate group of interested young listeners who, occupied with needle-work are seated often about the 'Teachers Table in the School-Room:' and we are very sure that our Readers of various ages will gather up with delight those fruits of her reading and thinking which she may be pleased to scatter upon our pages.

The first *Conversation* came to hand after the paper was arranged for the present week—it shall have place in our next.

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—When a practical Christian dies, the advancement of the good cause demands that some notice be taken of those traits of character which were the fruit of his faith, by which it may be commended to the non-professor and the doubting; that the young may learn the way in which peace dwells, and the confiding disciple be strengthened still more in his religious principles.

In your paper of the 14th, was recorded the death of MRS SUSANNAH R. DAVIS, of Brookline, an individual who united so many of the characteristics of the true Christian, that I feel impelled, by the reasons stated above, and that her example may influence survivors, to place before your readers some of the most obvious of them.

The most prominent quality possessed by Mrs Davis, was an extensive benevolence, which was evinced in various useful and self-forgetful ways. She had been for many years an active teacher in the Sunday School of her parish, punctual and constant in her attendance, uncheeked by summer's heat or winter's storm, and by her kind and conciliatory manners, winning the hearts of her little class, while she directed their minds to the objects of their chief good, and led them on in the pleasant ways of wisdom and virtue.

As a mother she was tender and faithful, training her children for usefulness here, and leading them to a preparation for higher and nobler pursuits hereafter.

As a wife, ever affectionate and true, she proved herself the able counsellor and the discreet friend of her husband, cheerer of the hour of gloom, and substantial supporter in despondency; the principle of hope in her mind was unbounded, and she infused it into his in every time of need.

As a neighbor she was universally beloved; and though she possessed a diffidence, which kept her strictly within the appropriate sphere of her sex, she chose her own course, and, satisfied of its rectitude, pursued it with fearless perseverance, whether it was popular or otherwise, fashionable or obsolete.

Home, her delightful scene of action, was rendered more happy by her unconquerable cheerfulness, and her well-ordered house evinced her dexterity and her diligence.

The close of her life was as tranquil as her career had been useful and spotless, and the religious instruction and admonition, which, with her dying lips, she addressed to her children and friends, have made, as we trust, an impression on them, that will be effaced only when they shall be called to follow her.

'Oh,' may we not exclaim, each one of us, 'that I may live the life of the righteous, that my end may be like hers!'

Her funeral services, which were performed at the meeting-house, were attended by an uncommonly numerous assemblage of friends and neighbors, and were of a character, affecting to a degree that will long, long be remembered. T.

INTELLIGENCE.

Extraordinary Piracy.—The steamboat mail of Wednesday brought the news of the capture of the packet ship Susquehannah, off the Capes of Delaware, on Saturday afternoon last, by pirates. The Susquehannah sailed from Philadelphia for Liverpool on Friday last, with about twenty cabin passengers, and forty in the steerage, and $110,000 in specie.

It appears that the Susquehannah left Philadelphia on Thursday or Friday, and proceeded to sea from the mouth of the river, on Saturday afternoon and was captured late on the same afternoon. The fact of her capture rests on the information of the two pilots, West and Maule, who state that she was captured off the Five Fathoms Bank, and that with a northerly wind she bore off to the southward, and at dark was off Indian river.

Immediately on receipt of the intelligence, armed vessels were dispatched in pursuit of the pirate, from Philadelphia, New York, &c., with a promptness which promises well for their success.

From Florida.—Gen. Jesup was at Black Creek the 12th inst. waiting for troops for the opening of the campaign, which he intended to do by the 1st of November. Several detachments of troop were near at hand. Five transports sailed from Norfolk with troops on Tuesday last week.—*Dai. Adv.*

Treasury Notes.—The Baltimore American announces on the authority of a letter from Washington, that the President has authorized an issue of Treasury notes under the late Act, to the amount of $800,000, in sums of $50, and 100 each, to bear an interest of two per cent. per annum.

These Treasury notes are to be issued either as securities for loans, to be made in gold and silver at par; or in payment of the government creditors. They are payable in twelve months from date.

Revolution in Santa Fe, New Mexico.—The St. Louis Republican, of the 2d October, announces the early arrival there of the Fall Company of traders from Santa Fe, bringing intelligence of a complete revolution in that State. The Republican publishes a letter, giving particulars of the revolution. The Americans in the province had not been molested, although there was no security whatever for property; and the revolutionists, it was said, had marked one of the Americans for sacrifice. This individual, it was observed, would be known when his head was seen upon a pole! We annex the contents of the letter, which is dated

Santa Fe, August 12, 1837.

Thursday last, the Governor, Don Alvino Peres, accompanied by Abreu, and a small party of soldiers, marched to the Cadava, (20 miles from Santa Fe) where a large number of malcontents had assembled, among whom were the Indians living in that neighborhood, who are partly civilized, and subjects of the General Government. Upon the meeting of the two armies, which took place near St. Ildefonso, the Governor commanded his soldiers to fire; at which order all his men went over to the enemy, except twenty-three, of whom one was killed on the spot, and three or four wounded. The Governor immediately fled, with all who could follow him, to Santa Fe where they remained until night, under favor of which they started upon good horses, in order to get as far as possible from their enemies, who knew how to take more adroit measures to intercept them; for, so soon as they disappeared from the field of battle, they despatched the Indians to cut off their retreat by the Rio Abajo, with orders to spare none of them, which was literally accomplished. The next day, the victors encamped at La Chapelle, which is near the town of Santa Fe, and there killed the Governor Ramon and Marcelino Abreu, Chico Alari, a young Lieutenant named Gutierres, and many others whose names are not known. The triumphant army having declared their leader, Jose Gonzales, an inhabitant of Taos, the Governor, made the entrance into the town, where he assumed the government, assisted by Rafael Garci, who had commanded the troops with him. All was now tranquil. But one thing was wanting to complete their purpose—the head of Santiago Abreu, Judge of the district—the friend of the stranger and the poor—the talented and meritorious officer; and they received the news that he had been massacred by the Indians of Santo Domingo.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Motte, Mr John W. Hartwell to Miss Caroline Elliot.

In Charlestown, Mr John Yaits, to Miss Mary Briggs; Mr Edward H. Stearns, of Covington, Ky. to Miss Harriet C. Raymond.

In Newport, 19th inst. by Rev. Dr Channing, Rev. Charles T. Brooks, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, to Miss Harriet, second daughter of Benj Hazard Esq.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Sunday, Miss Frances Laura, only daughter of the late John Eaton, Jr. 17.

In Newton, Lower Falls, Mrs Pamela, wife of Mr Josiah Daniell, of this city, 32.

In Lunenburg, Miss Eunice Boynton, 36—after a distressing sickness of twenty years, during which time she had nearly six thousand fits.

PARLEY'S SCHOOL BOOKS.

BOOK OF THE UNITED STATES—Geographical, Political and Historical, with comparative views of other countries.—Illustrated by Maps and Engravings.

'An interesting book—It contains a great variety of useful information, of the most recent date, written in a pleasing style, and well adapted to the comprehension of learners.'—Mercantile Journal.

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'This is truly an excellent work. The plan we think is new, and the execution good.—It is geography and history combined; this union will be found to double the value of both.'—Vermont Chronicle.

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☞ Published by CHARLES J. HENDEE, 131, Washington street, (up stairs) and for sale by the Booksellers generally. oct 27

POPULAR BOOKS.

PHILLIPS' Love of the Spirit
do Developement of Female Character
do Beauties of Female Holiness
do Varieties of Female Piety
Live and Let Live. By Miss Sedgwick
Rich Poor Man and Poor Rich Man
Abbott's Mother at Home
do Child at Home,
do Path of Peace
do Way to do good &c.

For sale at TICKNOR'S corner of Washington and Schoo' street. oct 28

AMERICAN MEDICAL LIBRARY. No 14—containing eight articles of Medical Intelligence, two Bibliographical Notices, eight miscellaneous Medical articles, and Stokes on Diseases of the Chest. During the first half year of this work there were printed fourteen new English Medical Books entire, besides a large amount of Foreign and Domestic Intelligence and Notices. $10 per annum—3328 pages. At the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street WEEKS, JORDAN & CO
oct 28 New England Publishers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE Female Nurse, by Mrs Child
Dr Sweetser on Digestion and Dietetics.
Durant's New Theory of Animal Magnetism.
Everett's Address at Providence, Sept. 4.
Sparks's American Biography, vol. 8.
Miss Leslie's Pencil Sketches, 3d series.

For sale at TICKNOR'S, Corner of Washington and School streets. oct 28

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epi4m sep 23

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134 Washington street.

POETRY.

[From the New England Magazine.]

AUTUMN.

Upon a leaf-strown walk,
I wander on amid the sparkling dews;
Where Autumn hangs upon each frost-gemmed stalk,
Her gold and purple hues;—

Where the tall fox-gloves shake
Their loose bells to the wind, and each sweet flower
Bows down its perfumed blossoms to partake
The influence of the hour;—

Where the cloud-shadows pass
With noiseless speed by lonely lake and rill,
Chasing each other o'er the low crisped grass
And up the distant hill;—

Where the clear stream steals on
Upon its silent path, as it were sad
To find each downward-gazing flower has gone
That made it once so glad.

I number it in days,
Since last I roamed through this secluded dell;
Seeking a shelter from the summer rays,
Where flowers and wild-birds dwell.

While gemmed with dew-drops bright,
Green leaves and silken buds were dancing there,
I moved my lips in murmurs of delight,
'And blessed them, unaware.'

How changed each sylvan scene!
Where is the warbling bird? the sun's clear ray?
The waving brier-rose? and foliage green,
That canopied my way?

Where is the balmy breeze
That fanned so late my brow? the sweet south-west,
That whispering music to the listening trees,
My raptured spirit blest?

Where are the notes of spring?
Yet the brown bee still hums his quiet tune,
And the low shiver of the insect's wing,
Disturbs the hush of noon.

The thin transparent leaves,
Like flakes of amber, quiver in the light;
While Autumn round her silver fret-work weaves
In glittering hoar-frost white,

O, Autumn, thou art blest!
My bosom heaves with breathless rapture here,
I love thee well, season of mournful rest!
Sweet Sabbath of the year! R. C. W.

BOYHOOD.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

O, blessed boy, how full of joy,
And buoyant life art thou!
Not yet dependant upon hope,
Thy world is Eden now.
Thy thoughts are cast upon no past—
Thou hast not to complain,
Of being, as a barren waste,
Of languor and of pain.

Thine eyes are bright, thy smiles are light,
Thou dreamest not of care;
Fierce passion lights not in thy breast
The beacon of despair.
But thou must grow, must have, and know,—
Thy heart must be engrossed
With hope's warm blessings undefined,
And memories of the lost,

I gaze on thee, and hear and see,
And feel what I have been:
And memories come from myriad things
Which may no more be seen.
With what is gained my heart is pained,
And what has been resigned;
For sorely pays the bleeding heart
For treasures of the mind.

The ebbing tide swells back with pride—
The bird, forewarned, that flies
Before the wild and wintry blast,
Will come with summer skies:
But thou my heart, canst have no part
In this sweet scene I see:
For never like returning spring,
Can boyhood come o'er thee.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE RESURRECTION.

As when some pilgrim, at noon's sultry hour,
Faint with the heat and half his journey done
Turns from his path the melting rays to shun,
And seeks the shade which matted woods embower;
And there, at ease reclined, doth find relief,
Yielding himself to slumber's welcome sway;—
Then, waking, all refreshed, brusheth away
From off his brow a withered forest leaf;
E'en with like ease did our Redeemer dear
With gentle touch the 'great stone' waft aside,
That barred the entrance of the sepulchre;—
What time his soul, o'er Hades glorified,
Returning, whispered in His death-cold ear,
'Let us arise and go! Lo, I am here!'

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

MY PLEASANT HOME.

I fain would have, if I might choose,
A mansion such as farmers use;
Of sound old stone, with hanging eaves,
And casements clambered o'er with leaves;
Fair; but not fine, of ancient guise.
There shadowing elms around should rise,
Full barns, clean stables:—nor forgot
Clear springs, and dairy cool as grot.
About the pile, in thought I view
A spreading lawn of freshest hue;
Where every herb and every fruit,
That may a healthful palate suit,
Shall grow in concord with each flower
That may beseem a fairy bower.

Then let a rippling brook flow by;
On whose green margin there may lie
At intervals a well-hewn seat,
For pause amidst the noontide heat;
And here and there, as good may seem,
Broad willows weeping o'er the stream;
Or locusts, where in balmy June
The bees may hum their sleepy tune.

Such be the centre of my reign,
Whence to survey my fair domain,—
But reaching far on every side,
Meadow and field in circuit wide,
And sombre grove, and thicket grey,
Where I may fly at height of day.
O'er the enameled sward, let stray
The herd and flock, at food or play;
While thrift and temperance and care
Shall turn the clod, and drive the share;
And sow and reap the golden store,
Till winter close the massy door.

Then when long nights begin to bring
Around the fire the cheerful ring,
The crackling billets flaming high
Shall send a gleam to every eye
Of happy inmates round the hearth
Full of warm cheer, and healthful mirth.
Here let the hoary grandsire bask,
And grandame ply her wintry task,
And hardy urchin plan his snare,
And chubby girl her doll prepare,
And John, with schoolboy tone rehearse
The newest tale in prose or verse.
Such, to the sturdy yeoman free,
Such comforts may there ever be!

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Token, and Atlantic Souvenir.]

THE SHAKER BRIDAL.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

One day in the sick chamber of Father Ephraim, who had been forty years the presiding elder over the Shaker settlement at Goshen, there was an assemblage of several of the chief men of the sect. Individuals had come from the rich establishment at Lebanon, from Canterbury, Harvard, and Alfred, and from all other localities, where this strange people have fertilized the rugged hills of New-England by their systematic industry. An elder was likewise there who had made the pilgrimage of a thousand miles from a village of the faithful in Kentucky, to visit his spiritual kindred, the children of the sainted Mother Ann. He had partaken of the homely abundance of their tables, and quaffed the far-famed Shaker cider, and had joined in the sacred dance, every step of which is believed to alienate the enthusiast from earth, and bear him onward to heavenly purity and bliss. His brethren of the north had now courteously invited him to be present on an occasion when the concurrence of every eminent member of their community was peculiarly desirable.

The venerable Father Ephraim sat in his easy chair not only hoary-headed and infirm with age, but worn down by a lingering disease, which, it was evident, would soon transfer his patriarchal staff to other hands. At his footstool stood a man and woman, both clad in the Shaker garb.

'My brethren,' said Father Ephraim to the surrounding elders, feebly exerting himself to utter these few words, 'here are a son and daughter to whom I would commit the trust, of which Providence is about to lighten my heavy shoulders. Read their faces, I pray you, and say whether the inward movement of the spirit hath guided my choice aright.'

Accordingly, each elder looked at the two candidates with a most scrutinizing gaze. The man whose name was Adam Colburn, had a face sunburnt with labor in the fields, yet intelligent, thoughtful, and traced with cares enough for a whole lifetime, though he had barely reached middle age. There was something severe in his aspect, and a rigidity throughout his person—characteristics that caused him generally to be taken for a schoolmaster; which vocation, in fact, he had formerly exercised for several years. The woman, Martha Pierson, was somewhat above thirty, thin and pale, as a Shaker sister invariably is, and not entirely free from their corpse like appearance, which the garb of the sisterhood is so well calculated to impart.

'This pair are still in the summer of their years,' observed the elder from Harvard, a shrewd old man; 'I would like better to see the hoar frost of an autumn on their heads. Methinks, also, they will be exposed to peculiar temptations, on account of the carnal desires which have heretofore subsisted between them.'

'Nay, brother,' said the elder from Canterbury, 'the hoar frost, and the black frost, hath done its work on brother Adam and sister Martha, even as we sometimes discern its traces in our cornfields, while they are yet green. And why should we question the wisdom of our venerable Father's purpose, although this pair in their early youth have loved one another as the world's people love? Are there not many brethren and sisters among us, who have lived long together in wedlock, yet, adopting our faith find their hearts purified from all but spiritual affection?'

Whether or no the early loves of Adam and Martha had rendered it expedient that they should now preside together over a Shaker village, it was certainly most singular that such should be the final result of many warm and tender hopes. Children of neighboring families, their affection was older even than their school days; it seemed an innate principle, interfused among all their sentiments and feelings, and not so much a distant remembrance, as connected with their whole volume of remembrance. But, just as they reached a proper age for their union, misfortunes had fallen heavily on both, and made it necessary that they should resort to personal labor for a bare subsistence. Even under these circumstances, Martha Pierson would probably have consented to unite her fate with Adam Colburn's, and, secure of the bliss of mutual love, would patiently have awaited the less important gifts of fortune. But Adam, being of a calm and cautious character, was loath to relinquish the advantages which a single man possesses to raise himself in the world. Year after year, therefore, their marriage had been deferred. Adam Colburn had followed many vocations, had travelled far, and seen much of the world and of life. Martha had earned her bread sometimes as a sempstress, sometimes as help to a farmer's wife, sometimes as schoolmistress of the village children, sometimes a nurse or watcher of the sick, thus acquiring a varied experience, the ultimate use of which she little anticipated. But nothing had gone prosperously with either of the lovers; at no subsequent moment would matrimony have been so prudent a measure, as when they had first parted, in the opening bloom of life, to seek a better fortune. Still they held fast their mutual faith. Martha might have been the wife of a man, who sat among the senators of his native state, and Adam could have won the hand, as he had unintentionally won the heart, of a rich and comely widow. But neither of them desired good fortune, save to share it with the other.

At length that calm despair, which occurs only in a strong and somewhat stubborn character, and yields to no sudden spring of hope, settled down on the spirit of Adam Colburn. He sought an interview with Martha, and proposed that they should join the society of Shakers. The converts of this sect are oftener driven within its hospitable gates by worldly misfortune, than drawn thither by fanaticism, and are received without inquisition as to their motives. Martha, faithful still, placed her hand in that of her lover, and accompanied him to the Shaker village. Here the natural capacity of each, cultivated and strengthened by the difficulties of their previous lives, had soon gained them an important rank in the society, whose members are generally below the ordinary standard of intelligence. Their faith and feelings had, in some degree, become assimilated to those of their fellow-worshippers.

Adam Colburn gradually acquired reputation not only in the management of the temporal affairs of the Society, bur as a clear and efficient preacher of the doctrines. Martha was not less distinguished in the duties proper to her sex. Finally, when the infirmities of Father Ephraim had admonished him to seek a successor in his patriarchal office, he thought of Adam and Martha, and proposed to renew in their persons, the primitive form of Shaker government, as established by Mother Ann. They were to be the Father and Mother of the village. The simple ceremony which would constitute them such, was now to be performed.

'Son Adam, and daughter Martha,' said the venerable Father Ephraim, fixing his aged eyes piercingly upon them, 'if ye can conscientiously undertake this charge, speak, that the brethren may not doubt of your fitness.'

'Father,' replied Adam speaking with the calmness of his character, 'I came to your village a disappointed man, weary of the world, worn out with continued trouble, seeking only a security against evil fortune, as I had no hope of good. Even my wishes of worldly success were almost dead within me. I came hither as a man might come to a tomb, willing to lie down in its gloom and coldness, for the sake of its peace and quiet. There was but one earthly affection in my breast, and it had grown calmer since my youth: so that I was satisfied to bring Martha to be my sister in our new abode. We are brother and sister; nor would I have it otherwise. And in this peaceful village I have found all that I hope for—all that I desire. I will strive with my best strength, for the spiritual and temporal good of our community. My conscience is not doubtful in this matter. I am ready to receive the trust.'

'Thou hast spoken well, son Adam,' said the Father. 'God will bless thee in the office which I am about to resign.'

'But our sister!' observed the elder from Harvard, 'hath she not likewise a gift to declare her sentiments?'

Martha started and moved her lips, as if she would have made a formal reply to this appeal. But, had she attempted it, perhaps the old recollections, the long-repressed feelings of childhood, youth and womanhood, might have gushed from her heart, in words that it would have been profanation to utter there.

'Adam has spoken,' said she hurriedly; 'his sentiments are likewise mine.'

But while speaking these few words, Martha grew so pale, that she looked fitter to be laid in her coffin, than to stand in the presence of Father Ephraim and the elders; she shuddered, also, as if there were something awful or terrible in her situation and destiny. It required, indeed, a more than feminine strength of nerve, to sustain the fixed observance of men so exalted and famous throughout the sect, as these were. They had overcome their natural sympathy with human frailties and affections. One, when he joined the society, had brought with him his wife and children, but never, from that hour, had spoken a fond word to the former, or taken his best-loved child upon his knee.

Another, whose family refused to follow him, had been enabled,—such was his gift of holy fortitude,—to leave them to the mercy of the world. The youngest of the elders, a man of about fifty, had been bred from infancy in a Shaker village, and was said never to have clasped a woman's hand in his own, and to have no conception of a closer tie than the cold fraternal one of the sect. Old Father Ephraim was the most awful character of all. In his youth he had been a dissolute libertine, but was converted by Mother Ann, herself, and had partaken of the wild fanaticism of the early Shakers. Tradition whispered, at the fireside of the village, that Mother Ann had been compelled to sear his heart of flesh with a red hot iron, before it could be purified from earthly passions.

However that might be, poor Martha had a woman's heart, and a tender one, and it quailed within her as she looked round at those strange old men, and from them to the calm features of Adam Colburn. But, perceiving the elders eyed her doubtfully, she gasped for breath and again spoke.

'With what strength is left me by my many troubles,' said she, 'I am ready to undertake this charge, and do my best in it.'

'My children, join your hands,' said Father Ephraim.

They did so. The elders stood up around, and the Father freely raised himself to a more erect position, but continued sitting in his great chair.

'I have bidden you to join your hands,' said he, 'not in earthly affection, for ye have cast off its chains forever; but as brother and sister in spiritual love, and helpers of one another in your allotted task. Teach unto others the faith which ye have received. Open wide your gates—I deliver you the keys thereof—open them wide to all who will give up the iniquities of the world, and come hither to lead lives of purity and peace. Receive the weary ones who have known the vanity of earth—receive the little children, that they may never learn that miserable lesson. And a blessing be upon your labors; so that the time may hasten on, when the mission of Mother Ann shall have wrought its full effect,—when children shall no more be born and die, and the last survivor of mortal race, [illegible] old and weary man like me, shall see the sun go down, never more to rise on a world of sin and sorrow.'

The aged Father sunk back exhausted, and the surrounding elders deemed with good reason, that the hour was come, when the new heads of the village must enter on their patriarchal duties. In their attention to Father Ephraim, their eyes were turned from Martha Pierson, who grew paler and paler, unnoticed even by Adam Colburn. He indeed, had withdrawn his hand from hers, and folded his arms with a sense of satisfied ambition. But paler and paler grew Martha by his side, till, like a corpse in its burial clothes, she sank down at the feet of her early lover; for, after many trials firmly borne, her heart could endure the weight of its desolate agony no longer.

JUAN FERNANDEZ.—This lovely island, on which Alexander Selkirk was cast away, and thus gave rise to the novel of Robinson Crusoe, was swallowed up by the recent earthquake, which destroyed a great portion of Chili, in South America.

[From the New York Sun.]

AN AFRICAN PRINCESS.

There is now, at the Bellevue alms-house a very aged black woman, whose history furnishes a remarkable exemplification of the vicissitudes of human life.

Though black as night, there is something in her form and manner, that sets her at infinite distance from the ordinary negro here, and seems to substantiate, if proofs were necessary, her claims of high descent.

Her father was one of the most powerful native princes in Africa; his dominions lying chiefly on the Senegal and its tributaries. About the year 1770, having taken the field in person against the Moors, he sent this favorite daughter, under a strong escort, to be taken care of during his absence, by a relative, residing near the coast.

Seid Hamet, the Moorish enemy, learning of this arrangement, immediately commissioned several spies to go and make her captive, or procure her abduction by some slaver, or other vessel at the mouth of the river. In the latter expedition they were successful. The captain of an English brig, knowing that he could extort a heavy ransom, found means through their agency, to entice her on board, and shortly after sailed for England. On his arrival she was introduced to many persons of distinction as a specimen of African royalty; and finally, on the embarking of Sir John Parr, (under whose protection she then was,) for Halifax, she was presented to his majesty the King of England, then Prince William Henry, commandant of the Hussar frigate.

Up to this time, the report that she was a voluntary exile from her home had not been contradicted, and was relied upon as truth; but the generous sailor-prince, during the passage out, discovered the true state of the case, and determined to take her into his own immediate charge, that she might be returned to her father without delay.

As the most ready method of settling all difficulties, he made a handsome present to the villainous captain who brought her away, and who pretended to be under heavy responsibilities for her safe return. This negociation was effected in Halifax; but no sooner was the arrangement consummated, and the bonus paid, than he secretly conveyed her to the West Indies; but learning at Providence that the prince, greatly irritated at his duplicity, had published a description of his person, and orders for his arrest, he made a precipitate retreat from that region, and brought her to this city. Here the just retribution of heaven overtook him, and he was reduced to beggary.

Being now cut off from all prospect of ever taking her back, to receive the reward of his treachery in the way of a ransom, he made a sale of her privately to a southern planter, who was to send and take her from her lodgings. As her good fortune ordered, however, she received an intimation of the plot in time to make her escape to the house of the mayor, who immediately apprehended and severely punished her cruel persecutor.

Her character and adventures excited much interest in this city at the time, and many wealthy families made her welcome among them; several influential gentlemen even taking pains to write to England in her behalf. Some years ago, a box of gold dust, and a large quantity of ivory, were sent to Liverpool by her relatives in the vain hope of purchasing her restoration; but the precious remittance soon fell into piratical hands, and the rightful owner was left to take her chance for a return to Africa without its aid.

For a half century, she has resided in and about New York, always an object of kind regard, by the descendants of those who first gave her a home; and, what is very remarkable, during so long a period, she has never made one acquaintance among the black population; considering them beings entirely inferior to herself in caste.

Since the accession of Prince William to the throne of Great Britain, several letters have been written by benevolent individuals here, to members of Parliament, endeavoring to bring her case before the king. But such matters are attended with so much difficulty and delay, that in all human probability, the poor old woman, doubtless the rightful heiress of great wealth and power, will die with us, in a land of strangers.

THE DISSECTED ALIVE.—An Italian journal relates an extraordinary incident connected with the recent death of one of the Roman Cardinals. In consequence of extreme grief, Cardinal Sommaglia had fallen ill. He had a syncope, was believed to be dead, and his servants hastened to have the body opened and embalmed before putrefaction. The surgeon's knife had penetrated to the lungs, when the Cardinal's heart was observed still to beat. He recovered animation at the moment, and had force enough to repel with his hand the knife of the surgeon. It was too late: the wound was mortal.

The *tomato* will remove stains of ink, and what is commonly called 'iron rust,' from linen. It is really a very useful vegetable, one of the greatest luxuries that finds its way to our markets, and highly conducive to health.—*Wheeling Times.*

A MONSTER.—Such is Pedro Blanco, a Spaniard, who has established himself at Gallinas, a little north of Monrovia, as a slaver.—A number of the Liberia Herald recently received, states that this man has within the last six months, exported EIGHTEEN HUNDRED slaves.

Dr Hall, late Colonial agent, now in this town, informs us that he recently saw Blanco at his establishment. Blanco has a million of money invested in the slave trade. He is worth five millions. He has now nineteen brigs plying on the ocean in the traffic. He has just sent out four brigs, and said, 'if de British get tree, I do well enough wid de fourt. De market for slave vara good now, Havanna, good market, and dat Galvexton, (Texas you know) be one vara good market.' And well he may hold language of that sort, when four dollars' worth of powder and ten dollars' worth of tobacco will buy a slave, which in Havanna will sell for four hundred dollars.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

INTELLECT IN BIRDS.—There is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. An instance of that occurred the other day, at the slate quarry belonging to a friend from whom I have the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the expansive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on the ridge of the quarry in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first, she was very much discomposed by the fragments flying in all directions, but still she would not quit her chosen locality; she soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that, at the notice, the workmen retired to safe positions. In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping close to their feet. There she would remain until the explosion had taken place, and then return to her nest.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.—When Napoleon returned to his palace, immediately after his defeat at Waterloo, he continued many hours without taking any refreshment. One of the grooms of the chamber ventured to serve up some coffee, in his cabinet, by the hands of a child, whom Napoleon had occasionally distinguished by his notice. The emperor sat motionless, with his hand spread over his eyes. The page stood patiently before him, gazing with infantine curiosity on an image which presented so strong a contrast to his own figure of simplicity and peace; at last the little attendant, presented his tray, exclaimed, in the familiarity of an age which knows so little distinctions, 'eat sire,—it will do you good.' The emperor looked at him, and asked, 'Do you not belong to Gonesse?' (a village near Paris.) No, sire, I come from Pierrefite.' 'Where your parents have a cottage and some acres of land?' —'Yes, sire.' '*There is true happiness*,' replied that extraordinary being, who was still emperor of France, and king of Italy.

[From Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott.]

Extract of a letter from Mr Irving to Mr Lockhart.

'Every Saturday, and more frequently during the vacations, we used to retire, with three or four books from the circulating library, to Salisbury Crags, Arthur's Seat, or Blackford Hill, and read them together. He read faster than I, and had, on this account, to wait a little at finishing every two pages, before turning the leaf. The books we most delighted in were romances of knight-errantry—the Castle of Otrante, Spenser, Arioste, and Boiardo, were great favorites. We used to climb up the rocks in search of places where we might sit sheltered from the wind; and the more inaccessible they were, the better we liked them. He was very expert at climbing. Sometimes we got into places where we found it difficult to move either up or down, and I recollect it being proposed, on several occasions, that I should go for a ladder, to extricate him, but I never had any need really to do so, for he always managed somehow either to get down or to ascend to the top. The number of books we thus devoured was very great. I forgot great part of what I read, but my friend, notwithstanding he read with such rapidity, remained, to my surprise, master of it all, and could even, weeks and months afterwards, repeat a whole page in which any thing had particularly struck him at the moment. After we had continued this practice of reading for two years or more together, he proposed that we should recite to each other alternately such adventures of knight-errants as we could ourselves contrive; and we continued to do so a long while. He found no difficulty in it, and used to recite for half an hour or more at a time, while I seldom continued half that space. The stories we told were, as Sir Walter has said, interminable—for we were unwilling to have any of our favorite knights killed. Our passsion for romance led us to learn Italian together; after a time, we could both read it with fluency, and we then copied such tales as we had met with in that language, being a continued succession of battles and enchantments. He began early to collect old ballads, and as my mother could repeat a great many, he used to come and learn those she could recite to him. He used to get all the copies of these ballads he could, and select the best.'

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